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Shadows Lifted

OR

*Sunshine Restored
in the Horizon of Human Lives*

A Treatise on the

*MORPHINE, OPIUM, COCAINE,
CHORAL and HASHISH HABITS.*

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Human Lives

A TREATISE ON THE MORPHINE, OPIUM, COCAINE,
CHLORAL AND HASHISH HABITS

BY

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THE OPIUM EATER'S MOTTO.

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."—*Dante.*

THE OPIUM EATER'S NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

"*Non sum qualis eram* (I am not what I was)."—

Tom Marshall.

THE REASON WHY.

"And passed by on the other side."—*Parable of Good Samaritan.*

"It is my only suit, that you weed your better judgments of all opinion that grows rank in them."—*As You Like It.*

SHADOWS LIFTED.

CHAPTER I.

THE REASON WHY.

The interrogation points in men's souls steadily grow larger as the world grows older. The question why is written on the firmament of human life, sometimes in letters that blaze like the sunlight, often in those that seem bound about with bands of darkness. The why that surrounds shipwrecked lives has always rested upon two bases, one the corner stone of mystery, the other of apprehension. Theologians for centuries, philosophers for generations, have tried to throw the candle of illumination to the heart of human ruin, but have illumined only its outer edge. The heart of human misery has steadily and sadly throbbed on, in spite of the anodyne of the philosopher or the sedative of the theologian. Why are men born with their sky of life in a total eclipse that never ceases, with the echo of curses of by-gone generations ceaselessly sounding in their ears? The drunkard asks this question in the midst of his wildest debauch, the opium eater whispers its horrible suggestiveness as the bell of hopelessness sounds in his ears for ever the story of his despairing life. Go back to the beginning of authentic history, and in the drunkenness of Noah and the backward look of the wife of Lot we meet the same desire that leads the man of to-day to order his morning cocktail to try to bring the lurid gleams of dissipation into the center of his

life. Could the epitaphs of all the countless millions of lives that slumber in the bosom of this planet of ours, as well as those that walk to-day upon its surface, tell their story of woe and final hopelessness, we should come face to face in every generation with the ever present desire of men to put into life what the kindly and ever generous hand of nature never thought of placing there. We look upon the drunkard, and we wonder why he chooses to drink. We behold the man of brains and parts putting into his mouth "the enemy that doth steal away his brains," and we wonder why he does it. We look into the eyes of the man in whose life the star of hope hath set, and, though he goes through the world almost unrecognized by his fellow-men, yet can we stand with him soul to soul. Still the old question again: Why hath he chosen, why does he choose, to dress his soul in blackness?

In every land, in all nations, civilized or uncivilized, of differing races, habits, modes of life, we find this one element in common: The stimulant, the narcotic, the anodyne is ever at their door. Modern science, which questions everything, which accepts no answer that is not buttressed by proof, raises with renewed emphasis the old question, why, with the aid of the alcohol fiend, the opium demon, the cocaine siren, the chloral lullaby, do they endeavor, with ceaseless persistence, to transform their manhood into something other than was given them by the gracious hand of God? The old axiom has renewed emphasis in men's thoughts to-day, that every effect must have an adequate and sufficient cause. This has been the Ariadne clue that has solved the mystery of many a labyrinth and is being used to-day with wider effect than ever. Wise and learned men are investigating to-day, with all

the eyes of Argus, with as many arms as Briarius, and there is not lacking in this investigation the gold of Midas to solve the problem of the drink habit, the opium habit, and all forms of bondage and slavery which transform a man into a fiend or eat the core out of his life.

In answer to this question two theories stand out prominent and noticeable. There is, first, what may be called the physical theory. After the mere line of the social glass has been passed and the element of conviviality is no longer the chief factor in the case, men drink because the nerves of the tortured stomach cry out for new stimulation, because the flagging powers must have beneath them their accustomed prop. Throwing aside the element or factor of their use merely in cases of pain, to woo sleep, or wrench apart the tiger fangs of aching nerves, men use narcotics, men tie their lives to the dark mile posts of opium, cocaine and chloral because the distorted nerve cells in their all-distorted bodies clamor for the poison as the stomach hungers for food or the lungs demand air. This is the physical theory. On the basis of it and along the line of it philanthropists and physicians found their attempts to save the lives of their fellow-men.

Then there is the mental theory, not totally distinct and divorced from the physical one, but playing along beside it a much larger part in the problem than until recently men have learned to admit. It is not merely the congested stomach, it is not alone the half starved nerve cell, it is not only the anæmic brain, it is not merely the whole abnormal physical machinery together that offers adequate solution; but the laborer drinks, the working-man turns his home into a hell, because of the hard, inexorable necessities that cover all his mental firmament with

dull and neutral clouds. The human soul is made to pine for light, that light that shines down into the heart, that floods his life with radiance as the sunlight gilds the mountains when it beams on them its morning benediction. This light he cannot find; he does not meet it in the hard grind and struggle to put a loaf of bread on the table and keep the winter chill out of doors. Plodding by day, wearied at night, he instinctively looks around him for a little light to pierce these heavy clouds of care. He goes to the saloon, and in its warmth and amid its hilarity his burden for a little time drops from his shoulders to the ground beside his feet. He forgets for a few hours who and what he is. This fiery fluid that fills for a while his life with its lurid light, that is the nearest approach that he knows how to find to the elixir of life or the draught of Lethe, and so he drinks and drinks until his manhood is burned away by the baleful fire of alcohol. Your heavily worked physician, your business man taxing his every energy to meet the thousand contingencies and intense and promising possibilities that are in and all around his pathway of daily existence; your author, whose book must be spiced up to the demand of modern literary taste; your woman of society, who burns the candle of life at both ends and then wonders why it burns dim or consumes so rapidly, find in the soothing hand of opium, in the enchantment of the softly whispered promises of morphine, the friend who, with enticing smile, shall spread a shimmer of brightness over their extended field of incessant care that dogs like a specter their often faltering steps. The business man, whose boat rocks on the billows in the turbulent waters of the contest for wealth and the world's honors, has but to summon to his

side the familiar face of the opium Mephistopheles, who comes to him at first in angel's guise, and at the word of this familiar spirit the winds and the waves are stilled. Your devotees of pleasure, as their energies begin to flag, and the nerves of their systems, so constantly strung to concert pitch, no longer respond as a whole to the normal realities of existence, would fain, if it be possible, start the wheels around with faster rotation, would put a heavier pressure upon the engines of the sensibilities of existence, and in the opium dream, the cocaine exhilaration, the chloral trance, they find what their dulled sensations crave.

The former of these theories is that of the materialist, who finds his explanation of most of life's enigmas in the potency of matter to account for the facts of life; the other is the ground of the idealist, who looks for his explanation of what he sees and hears in the dominance of that mysterious something we term mind in its power over matter. Are they both correct? or neither? As usual, the truth is more likely to be found between the extremes of the swing of the pendulum. A tortured and abnormally working physical system accounts for a very large class of the observable things that we meet in this shadow territory of life experience. In the judgment of the writer, the part played by the imagination, by the mind working in grooves which habit has made familiar and well known, must be put into the foreground of this problem to account for a large class also. The 2,000,000 lives in these United States of America that are bound in the steel chains of the drug bondage are in the fearful grasp of the tyrant that controls them because of a mind that seeks relief, of a brain that cannot apply the brakes to thought,

and because of a lesson they have learned too late, that these modes of relief which they have sought so eagerly have been purchased at the cost of a reconstruction and a now abnormal organic structure as well as functional working of the entire physical organism. Put these two solutions together, give each its adequate scope, and we have gone far to reach, if we have not reached, the actual end of the explanation of this problem of woe and heaviness.

We speak of the alcohol habit, of the opium habit, of the morphine habitue, of the cocaine fiend, of the chloral slave, of the hashish eater; what do we mean? Simply that when a certain hour comes around and the clock strikes 8 or 12 there must be put into their system, as much as air or food, that which will produce a result which if not attained, will throw all the machinery of life out of gear merely because of the tendency of the mind to run in a groove. A man has a habit of buttoning his coat in a certain way. Daniel Webster is reported to have once said that he could change the style and character of his speeches easier than the habit of wearing a certain kind of collar. One man has a habit of early rising, another a habit of a walk before breakfast, another a habit of a certain kind of mode of speech. Is this what we mean and all that we mean when we say that a man is in the opium habit, merely that custom has taken control of the helm of volition and that his habit is a something that has this power over his life, and no more? Listen to the comments of men in general, or even to the remarks of physicians, and one would suppose that such was an adequate and entire explanation of all this class of phenomena. Why does a physician, a man of intelligence, a man who sees from the beginning to the end of a case of typhoid fever

or of acute rheumatism, say to or speak of the man who for twenty years has used twenty grains of morphia per day, that he can stop if he will? What is the reason that, in this age of the nineteenth century, which has learned so fast and is so speedily still learning the lesson of tolerance, which exhausts the resources of modern civilization in the construction of insane asylums and even in the ventilation of almshouses, it still speaks in a tone of scornful pity, or of contempt without pity, of the man who is bound down by chains that are impossible to break? Is it because of the stunted mental growth, of the repugnant physical appearance, of the victim of drugs that enslave? But the nineteenth century has compassion for the lunatic. It finds a place, even, in its heart for the imbecile. Why, then, does it exhaust all its vocabulary of scorn and play with all its artillery of contempt upon the man who looks through hopeless eyes out into a darkened world whose stars shall never sing to him a morning psalm or an evening blessing? Is it because of a total, colossal failure to apprehend the gigantic facts of this whole problem of despair? When it sends its torch of alleviation and searches with all the spirit of the enlightened Good Samaritan to find the sufferer by the wayside, why does it leave this blackest corner of doom and unhappiness unlightened by one single ray? Because it fails to apprehend this one fact, the distinction between a habit and a disease; because, with all its varied enlightenment, it yet has totally failed to grasp the distinction between a moral obliquity and a physical infirmity. The distorted child who comes into this world with twisted limbs or deformed brain finds waiting for its helplessness the warmest corner of mother's heart, the softest place upon mother's breast. The distorted

life which wakes to hear the voice of conscience begin in the brightness of the new-born morning, with added power of expression, the reproaches of the many yesterdays, why is it that distorted life is left to weep its tears of woe alone? Because the spirit of charity of the nineteenth century knows so little and seems to care so little concerning the present unhappiness or the future destiny of these children of despair. When, from the women of America, with their pure, white banner of Christian sympathy floating above their yet purer and whiter souls of affection, the drunkard in his delirium, the victim of alcohol in his deepest and darkest debauch, finds extended toward him these hands of love that so nearly resemble those that were extended upon the Cross, excepting only the print of the nails, why, in so many homes where this shadow of doom sinks down into the hearts of all who dwell beneath its roof, is it that the voice of love and the hands of helpfulness are never extended there?

It was Talleyrand, I think, who once said that a blunder was worse than a crime; so may it be said that mankind has no such enemy as ignorance. The drunkard may be, or may not, the victim of his own indiscretion or the result of the combinations of generations of temperaments behind him, way back through generations of ancestors, that make up what we term heredity. In either case, the one as well as the other, he finds the same compassion the moment that one sigh for a better life falls from his lips, one gleam toward a better future shines from his eyes. The opium slave, nine times out of ten, so far as all that touches the initiatory steps of his bondage, is the victim of circumstance. Down from the bloody field of Balaklava there comes to us to-day the echo of the appalling sentence:

“Some one has blundered.” That blunder sent back the ranks of the Light Brigade, “not the six hundred.” The results of the blunder extended but to the heroes that fell and to the hearts that looked for their return and neither found nor met them. The blunder that writes its indelible autograph into the structure of a human soul and binds it fast with these awful fetters is as limitless in its consequences as human life itself. The greatest step forward in the path of reform of this generation was when the philanthropist was taught by the calm lips of modern science that drunkenness speedily passed from a habit to a disease. The word reform was written in gilded letters when that truth was discerned. When the scales of this colossal ignorance as to the older and remoter effects of this infinitely blacker bondage drop from the eyes of the people of America, the jubilee that will be sung by the celestial choir will be one that is equaled in rhythm or in gladness only when heaven’s anthem is sung that peals over the sea of glass when one sinner repents.

Now, then, what is the distinction between a habit and a disease? That is a habit which a man does merely from repetition, which writes no deeper imprint into his life, which makes no deeper groove in his soul than is the result merely of the accumulation of individual actions, the yesterdays and yesterdays making the path of that action easier for to-day and to-morrow. The fingers of the pianist habituate themselves to rapid and almost automatic action. That is a disease when the structure of some portion of the physical organism is changed in construction or altered in its method of action. If it is a change of structure we say the man has an organic disease. If it is a change in a mode of action, we say that man has a functional

disease. A man with an intermittent heart, whose pulse beats vary in time, we say has a functional disease of the heart. The man whose heart valves do not completely close, where those heart valves have been changed in form, we say has an organic disease of the heart. The opium habit would be a habit if the effect of the dose of yesterday passed into the system and out of the system and left no change or imprint there. The opium habit is a disease, provided that in nerve cell or blood corpuscle, in secret chamber of the brain, or along the path of the spinal cord, change of structure or alteration of function has taken place, because of the effect of the poison. Place the nerve cell of the normal man under the microscope, and what do you see in this living cell into whose recesses the eye of modern science has peered in its search for the secret of life and what life really is, in this last secret chamber? Place that normal nerve cell beneath the microscope and you find a circular or oval membrane filled with a seemingly colorless fluid, with a small nucleus. Place the nerve cell of the morphia habitue beneath the microscope, and in these living cells, the last retreat of life, you find evidences of structural change. Science, which has measured the distance of one world from another, which traces the speed across the heavens of the lightning flash, has also measured with reasonable accuracy the rate that sensation travels along the path of the nerves. That rate of sensation in the man whose physical system stands as God created it, has one rate of progress; along the path of the nerves of the morphia habitue it has another. That process which we term assimilation and absorption and elimination, by means of which the human body continues to exist, in the normal man has one mode of action as to rapidity, as to complete-

ness; in the body of the morphia habitue it has another. In the body of the opium eater every nerve cell, every atom of bodily tissue, has reconstructed itself to meet these changed and abnormal conditions. The consequence of a habit, with this restriction of significance, is virtually to leave the man as he was. Webster could have changed the shape of his collar and still been the Godlike Daniel. The man who buttons his coat upon the right side can button it upon the left and still be the same man. The man who has the habit of early rising can remain in bed two hours after his usual time and disturb nothing but his comfort. The man who walks the earth with structural or functional disease written not only upon him but written into him and permeating him through and through, the only thing that man has to hope for is that death will drop the curtain or that science will discover relief. Until very recently, the hearts that loved him, the wife that watched over him with a care more intense than mother ever expended in looking into the cradle of her child, the children that gathered about him when he opened the threshold of his door, had but one hope, one anticipation. Much as they loved him, bound up and intertwined as their lives were with his own, only as they looked into his dead and silent face, as he looked back at them from lips that spoke no more, only over the opium eater's coffin did the hearts that loved him expect that he should know rest on earth.

About seven weeks ago a leading physician in the suburbs of one of our metropolitan cities, a man of eminent Christian character, an honored member of the Congregational church, a Sir Knight who stood high in the regard of his fellow-Knights, was approached one day by a friend who said to him, "Doctor, some of your friends

have known for a long time of a very heavy burden that you were carrying. They have known how this morphine habit was pulling your life in twain. Now, I think, if you desire, I can point you to an easy and speedy relief." This physician came into the city, was brought into contact with a fellow-sufferer in another profession, and the first time this fellow-sufferer saw him he had that look upon his face that you sometimes see in a deer whom the hunters have pursued almost to the point of death, an intense, strained, eager longing for relief, and yet an almost hopelessness of finding it. He went home, talked the whole matter over with his dear, loyal wife. A few days later, she, too, came in and said to the writer of this volume: "Doctor Grover, you would not deceive my husband, would you? It would be so cruel to do it. He is trusting everything to what you have said to him. He has taken nearly thirty grains of morphia a day for the last twenty-eight years. Often and often have I waked in the night to see if he were still here with me on earth. Only a little more than a year ago, a relative of ours passed away, dying of this same disease. My husband almost fell in convulsions at her grave, as his thoughts turned toward the future and he saw another grave opened there, and his own pulseless form its occupant. You couldn't deceive him, could you? It would be so cruel," I said to her: "Deceive your husband? He is a fellow-Christian. He is a Sir Knight. I would go on my hands and knees by day or by night to pass the threshold of your home and bring to him relief. By all our trust and grateful love in the common Redeemer in whom we both believe, I promise you that if he will observe a few simple conditions, yonder sun shall not more certainly rise in the east and set in the west on

its daily path than that your husband will be as well a man as there is in this commonwealth." Twenty-seven days passed by. Chains fell from his life forever, broken in fragments by a hand as tender and a heart as true as the hand and heart of him who broke the shackles on four millions of wrists, of dusky wrists, and they dropped to the earth with a clang that rang around the world. By the genius of one man were those chains broken. One Sunday afternoon after those twenty-seven days had passed by, this dear woman, who could not trust herself to come before, came to see the writer of this volume again. I walked with her a few steps to another building and brought her face to face with one whose path had been for years amid a similar gloom. While it has been my privilege to speak for years to some hearts that have said that I brought them comfort and blessing in the name of Him who bade me carry it, yet I had rather see the look I saw on those two ladies' faces that Sunday afternoon than to hear the words of any man, however eloquent, or to hear brought back to me by others the echoes of my own.

Can it be possible now that, in this age when colleges are becoming universities, that in these years when the heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth are probed for their secrets, are wooed for all the blessings they may contain, this ignorance which has sounded like a knell of doom in the ears of those who could only grope in the dark shall still be permitted to continue? It cannot be. While the world is learning and expressing, as it never learned or expressed before, some of the deeper meanings that come chanting to our ears like the ever grand requiem of the sea the words of Him who said, "A new commandment give I unto you,

that ye love one another"; when here in this menacing winter the churches, the great heart of the people, are learning that other sentence as they never have learned it before, "He that giveth unto these little ones that believe in Me a cup of cold water only, giveth it unto Me"; with this blessed gospel of charity sprinkling the earth with a perfume sweeter than the violet, covering it with a baptism purer than the heart of the lily, shall this one ignorance be permitted to remain? We speak, but we do not know of what we speak, when we say that a man's life is dark that does not hope any more. There are two million of the brightest men and women in America who do know what that sentence means, and what it means to look all through the great blue vault above and see no star that has not been covered with gloom. We take up our morning paper and we say that it seems as though the world was becoming full of tragedy. When the hands of the lightning bring to us the account of this dark deed and that, we stand aghast and appalled before a seeming increase of crime. But here are two million lives in this fair land of ours. Their sighs are heard by the Atlantic, their moan of woe goes out upon the blue Pacific beyond the golden gate, and every one of those lives carries a tragedy in its heart—a silent tragedy. The papers will very seldom find it out or speak of it; those that live in closest contact know not its full significance; but their prayers for relief, we may be very certain, are not far from the foot of the great white throne. Those tragedies are mostly silent tragedies. The grave closes over them, and their accents are hushed forever on earth. To tell the story of each one of these two million lives, to point them to the one star that shall have healing in its beams for them, will be the purpose of the following pages of this book.

THE OPIUM HABIT—ITS CAUSE, ITS MANIFESTATIONS, ITS CURE.

"Thou dost, in thy passages of life, make me believe that thou art only marked for the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven to punish my mistreadings."—*Henry IV.*

"That keep the word of promise to our ear, and break it to our hope."—*Macbeth.*

CHAPTER II.

THE OPIUM HABIT—ITS CAUSE, ITS MANIFESTATIONS, ITS CURE.

To write descriptively upon this most terrible of all forms of bondage of which the human organism is capable, would seem to be the most absolute kind of supererogation after the golden pen of De Quincey has depicted its results in letters that seem to burn like flame. I wonder how many poor, sick-hearted men, who felt that life's doors were closed against them forever and life's opportunities lost, have laid down De Quincey's book and felt that they were laying down every hope that life contained, together with the volume. The purpose of this chapter, however, is of a very different nature from that of the volume of the king of British essayists. He has painted a panorama that blazes before a man's vision as a meteor in the sky; my purpose is to raise, not drop, a curtain before the anticipations of life and to show how the light of the baleful meteor may be transfigured into the beams of a serene and calmly burning star.

— The physiology and pathology of the opium habit. What does opium do to this human system of ours? In what way and along what line does it work its fearful results? Into what waters does it carry the ship of life in order to wreck it and break it into fragments upon the reefs which grind it to pieces and from whose terrible embrace there seems no escape? Physiology deals with the phenomena presented by living organisms. It endeavors to solve and read the secrets of the normally working human

constitution. Pathology deals with those diseased conditions of human life and of the physical organism when structural, organic changes have been produced, that lead to abnormal working of physical forces. The physiology of the opium habit: Taken into the human system for the first time, in its earlier stages what are the results produced? That depends upon the constitution itself, and is largely a matter of temperament. As there are born drunkards, so there are born opium eaters. There are men whose systems drink up alcohol as the fields in August drink up a summer shower. They are born with what is termed the alcohol diathesis, and the moment that in early years alcohol passes their lips they instantly cross the threshold of the danger line of drunkenness. So, in like manner, there are born opium eaters. The man whose first dose of opium make him sick at the stomach, produces nausea and vomiting and all the unpleasant symptoms that follow in the wake of this drug when taken into such an organization, may fall upon his knees and thank the God who made him that He thus placed a gate whose bars are very strong against the most subtle and insidious form of temptation of which human life is capable. The man whose first dose of opium quiets pain and does nothing else, may also sing his psalm of gratitude. Men do not live, or they should not, under the thralldom of constant pain. The resources of modern medicine can guard almost any system against a pain which is as constant and as persistent as the days. The man whose first dose of opium starts into action the full activity of the imaginative faculty, that puts his fancy into fullest play, that brings about that equable calm and exquisite sense of repose, that gives him a self-possession as serene as the stars upon

a summer evening, that enables him to spell with the letters of life's experience that one word which included the most blessed gift that was in the possession of even the divine Son of God, that gives to him perfect peace, not the peace that passeth understanding, but the peace that enables him to look down into the mirror of human life as the eye looks into the transparent waters of Geneva's lake and sees mirrored upon its bottom the pebbles sixty feet beneath his gaze, he is the born opium eater. Nature has furnished him the equipment that brings to his entranced vision all the avenues of delight that are carried in the palm of this king of drugs.

EARLIER STAGES.

In its earlier stages it brings to a man that condition of existence that I imagine must have been the normal life possession of those who lived upon this planet when the earth was young and before its beauties had been dimmed by repetition, that gives to him that condition of primal antediluvian health that was man's highest birth-right before the waters that flow from the fountains of life had ever become turbid by disease. There are some men born into existence whose nervous systems are as tensely strung and responsive to touch as were the strings of Ole Bull's Stradivarius violin, and when the hand of the master had that violin between elbow and chin and swept the strings with his bow there rushed forth those ravishing melodies which those who heard him will never forget and whose music is only to be equaled by the music of the spheres. Upon such a temperament, opium begins to play the serene and stately anthem whose rhythms change as the months go by until the anthem wails its way into the dirge and requiem that ends the chapter of his experience.

METHOD OF ACTION.

How does opium do this? We look from our windows now, and in the metropolitan centers of the civilized world we behold the wires on which the lightning flashes upon its numerous errands at the behest of man. The nervous system is the electric wire of human life. Along its subtle currents there flash the messages that life sends inward to the brain and the answers that are sent back. These nerve currents have their normal mode of action, they have their normal rate of speed, and the man whose nervous system is in a condition of stable equilibrium, in which it exists unchanged and as it came from the creative hand, that man is in possession of one of the happiest and most useful of all the equipments given to humanity. Cause that life current to flow more swiftly, introduce into the human system that which causes the nerves of sensation to vibrate with more exquisite thrill, and you have in your possession a means of deepening, of intensifying, of tracing in brighter colors, the inner experiences of a human life. Cause that current to flow more slowly, muffle the nerves with that which renders them less responsive, and you have in your hand that which guards them against pain, that which renders them less sensitive to the rude assaults and all manner of blows that come to a man from the outer world. Opium, in its first stage, as no other drug can do or no other agent known to man except drugs of similar capacity, will produce the first of these experiences. The later hours of its initiatory use in a temperament like that last described, will bring about the latter experience. Combine these experiences, produce first the delicious ecstasy of the opium trance and follow that by the second condition, that of perfect calm, of undisturbed repose, of the unruffled

surface of the human soul, which resembles the surface of a sapphire lake on a June afternoon, and you have the second one. When we consider what, to the majority of men, the experiences of life consist of, of its conflicts and its turbulence, of its demands and draughts upon the strongholds of energy, given such a temperament, who can wonder that, such knowledge once acquired, with that which seems to be the most obedient servant of his life, which comes at his call in an instant, which always without fail does as it is bid, ultimately, and at no distant day from the stage of initiation, the servant becomes the master. Reflect upon the fact that De Quincey did not exaggerate when he spoke of the portable ecstasy that could be sent down in gallons upon the mail coach, of the dreams of bliss that could be condensed into the contents of the laudanum bottle, and then remember how the moments of care and of trouble, of sickness of heart and often of agony of soul are many in the ordinary human life, and then put over against them the hours and the days of happiness and consider that sometimes these days are far between. You then have a part, at least, of the reason that causes the ranks of the opium battalions to be always full. No matter how many may drop by the wayside, in spite of the numberless graves filled by the forms of those in whose systems the knell of despair had sounded all its changes, in spite of all this, something of the reason is apparent that renders the enlistment in the opium army something that never flags nor fails. Modern physiology tells us that, instead of once in seven years, every particle of tissue in the human body is reconstructed at least once a year. Physically speaking, the man who begins to write in his diary upon the first of January, 1894, is a different man from the one who wrote

down his good resolutions at the beginning of 1893. The criminal law of France, with its unique way of looking at things, refuses to punish a man for a crime that he committed ten or more years ago, on the ground that he is no longer the same man. In very many senses no man is the same man that he was three hundred and sixty-five days ago. Of all the tissues of the human body, the nervous system is the one whose changes are the most subtle in character, whose results reach farthest and whose abnormal working produces the most intense results upon character. The broken bone unites in a few weeks, and when the sufferer from fracture has laid his crutches away he walks among his fellow-men virtually the same man that he was before his accident. The man whose muscular system is injured by bruise or strain or even rupture of muscular filaments, upon the reunion and reproduction of the muscular fiber does not find that his life has undergone any change. Even that tissue of the body whose injury is most permanent, the human skin, which is never reproduced in its entirety, yet in spite of such injury his functional activities and all his interior life workings flow on in the old and well known channels. Change, however, the structure or disarrange the functional workings of the nervous system, and you have here an element that enters into the problem that produces results far different in kind. I have seen the man of unswerving integrity whose word was like the solidity of a granite column, who was temperate, genial, kind, cordial, whose smiles played round the path of his life and lightened other hearts as the perfume plays round the dwelling place of the rose—I have seen such a man's moral character go all to pieces and lie in fragments at his feet

under a severe attack of nervous prostration. I have seen the strong man become puerile, the man of serene temper become more irritable than a sick child, the honest man become a liar, the temperate man change to a dipsomaniac, the man of pure and chaste thoughts become licentious, all because of disordered nerve action. Science to-day is bending all its energies and expending all its resources to discover, if possible, the hiding place of thought, to discover the links that bind together the mind and the brain, to tell, if it can, what life is, what mind is, what conscience is, from what springs their fountains flow. Why do they run in this direction or in that? And, while not accepting myself the conclusions of the materialist, when I consider, when I remember what I have myself seen again and again repeated as to the power of disarranged nervous function or altered nervous structure to make the man all over mentally, morally and even spiritually, I can hardly wonder that modern physiologists have reached the conclusion as expressed by the stout-hearted positivist who climbed the Matterhorn and who has recently passed into the unseen, that in despised and contemned matter he found the "promise and potency of every form of life." Nor can I even wonder at the conclusions of the English Huxley or the German Haeckel that life in its higher as well as its lower forms, with its intelligence and its volition and its moral perceptions, is the result of organization, and that even moral character is the resultant of the activities of the nerve cell. When, therefore, we are dealing with an agent whose whole force is expended upon that portion of the physical organism that produces results like these, we need not wonder at the Protean forms in which the opium fiend writes its autograph into men's deepest chambers of experience.

ILLUSTRATIVE EXAMPLES.

Let me draw a picture of a case, a typical case, that once came under my own observation, of the effect of opium upon a temperament of this character. It was once my duty to treat a man for an attack of acute rheumatism. This is a disease which has a limit of activity of about six weeks. During at least a portion of those weeks it becomes necessary to guard against the constant, grinding pain. I treated that man by the use of the hypodermic syringe twice a day to the extent of giving to him by that mode of exhibition about one-third of a grain of morphia in the morning and in the evening. I shall never forget the revelations of those four weeks. It was the first time that it had been my lot to see, at least to carefully observe, the effects of this subtle drug upon an organization thus responsive. Well do I recollect the day, across the gap of twenty-five years, the first time that I heard opium sing its siren song. This month, to this family and friends, and those who observed him, was called his *month of suffering*. With a smile, containing much of sarcasm in its meaning, he used to repeat to me the expression in words of irony, "my month of suffering." The disease was there; the pain would have been but that its fangs were wrenched apart at the waving of the wand of the opium master; and other things were there, also. Those dissolving views at midnight, that long panorama of stately and beautiful images; that undisturbed calm that rendered the man, crippled as he was, able to remain in one position for six or seven hours, not desiring to move lest the benignant, smiling faces that opium sent into his waking dreams should disappear. The bright conversations by day, the literary criticisms that he made, the keen working of

every mental faculty, the sharpening of every sensibility, and yet a sharpening that carried in its touch not even the suggestion of uneasiness; the sentences that he read from the books of the great masters whose names are among earth's few immortals, and then his comments upon them in words almost as weighty as themselves, and in tones that glowed and thrilled with rapture, the look in the eyes as thought after thought sent its happy suggesting in waves that lapped the shores of the soul as the ocean laps the edges of the beach—this was what opium carried in its hand as a gift to the temperament responsive to its touch. This is what opium always gives, an ecstasy infinitely more refined than the grosser delights of alcohol; every faculty, everything within the whole capacity of the man intensified, almost glorified, in mode and extent and beauty of manifestation. And in such a panorama as this do we find lying capsule the cause that makes it possible to divide the population of America by thirty, and, so far as the metropolitan centers at least are concerned, will enable you to hit with fair accuracy upon the number of habitual opium habitues.

MIDWAY CONSEQUENCES.

Let us shift the scene, and go back a little farther now upon the stage. The last results of all have not yet made their appearance. Sometimes these do not come for a score of years; often they begin to be visible within a decade. But let us deal with some of the mid-results of the opium life. The dissolving views at midnight are now all gone, the exquisite rapture now has ceased, the small doses that were at first so potent and so pleasurable are now replaced by larger ones; but the earlier features cannot be reproduced. To start exhilarating nerve currents by increasing the dose

of opium would be as impossible as to produce more effervescence by pouring an extra quantity of acid upon a salt that had already combined with its full chemical equivalent. Now the opium user must take his drug as his lungs inhale the air, as the stomach receives the food, for the purpose of what? For the purpose of continuing the normal activities of life. The first thing in the morning, before the duties of the day can be met, the nerves must digest their daily quantum of opium. By this time every particle of tissue in the opium eater's system has reconstructed itself to meet these changed conditions, and as it would be impossible for the sources of life's energy to remain always full with constant draughts made upon them, the reservoir of capacity being constantly lowered and never filled, his life's forces would thus come to an end were the man deprived of food, so would those energies falter and the exhibition of life's forces be equally impossible without the daily draught of what has become the food of the nervous system.

LAST RESULTS.

Shift the scene again. Go backward still farther upon the stage of progress and let us look upon the later scenes of all. The ecstasy has gone long, long ago. The pleasurable sensations have disappeared like a mist in a morning in midsummer. The nerves have known no thrill of exhilaration since the first Judas kisses of the opium fiend were given to them in the now by-gone years. Between those earlier days, baptized by the opium delight as Aurora baptizes the morning twilight, and these later scenes of all, there lie the neutral days, be they longer or be they shorter. They may have extended—these neutral days—when the power of the opium giant was all expended

in holding the processes of life's activities to nearly or something like their old and normal power. These days may have been comparatively few, or they may have massed themselves together and extended over a long score of years. Still the morning and the evening of every new-born day have brought the habitue, whose feet would have lingered along the pathway if they could, but who was powerless to stop the walk, walk, the march, march, down this slow incline; they have steadily brought him to these later scenes of all. Where is the opium eater now? He has a body as impregnated with the subtle poison as the mummies that lie in the tombs of the Pharaohs were with the balms that have preserved their blackened corpses from dissolution. Put his body now under proper chemical tests, and stores of isomerized morphine hid away in every receptacle that the human body contains could be called forth indefinitely. The system now begins to flag. The processes of life are dulled. The edge has gone out of everything. Tasks that once were as easy of performance as the air is buoyant on Alpine heights, stand in solemn stagnation before his vision like a statue made of lead. His self-possession is easily disturbed. The old aplomb, assurance, that old life confidence that made him a man among men, the old spring in the step, the light in the eye, the flush upon the cheek, they have faded away as the sunlight fades in the sky at the coming of the April showers. The anticipations of life have long since set behind the horizon of the opium mountain tops. The opium eater expects nothing, he looks for nothing, he waits in patient and somber silence for the end to come whose hastening now is the burden of almost the only prayer that he addresses to the throne of God. He is kind, sincere; cordial he cannot be. The

sensibilities of life are frozen over and glide along almost unnoticed, as the Neva flows beneath its frozen surface through the center of the Russian winter. Tears, his eyes have almost forgotten what they mean. Smiles, he has not known one for years. Unlike the drunkard, whose convivial instincts sometimes remain to the very end, keeping him out among his fellows and living his dwarfed life under a forced hilarity, the opium eater in these last stages sits all by himself, isolated, abstracted, waiting for the stagnant, solemn current of thought to flow, dreading to touch any of the simplest of the activities that are even nearest to him, waiting for weeks to even write a letter to a friend. There he sits, day after day and night after night, in a silence unbroken save by the whispers of the ghosts of departed years. His wife comes in to speak a word of cheer. It falls upon the surface of his life as the snow flake falls into the sapphire depths of a lonely lake in a mountain tarn and is lost in its waters. His children come around him to utter their happy good morning, their smiling good night. No smile from his lips or eyes or soul greets them in return. His words are pleasant, but few. By this shoreless sea of silence he waits for the muffled oars of the equally silent boatman to take him away from his despair and his waiting far into the heart of the mystery that resides the other side of death.

DE QUINCEY'S DESCRIPTION.

The eloquent master of English prose thus describes this last scene of all that ends the strange, eventful history:

"The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of

a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony was conducting, was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the expression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurrys to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

“And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, ‘I will sleep no more.’”

CAUSATION.

These are the conditions that meet the eye. As near as words can paint it, this is what one looking upon the opium habitue's life from the outside would see; and, with equal endeavor at exactness, I have endeavored to describe subjectively, from the interior of life's experience, what he himself would feel. Whether life be itself the resultant of organization or not, or whether—as I myself believe the weight of evidence points—it be itself the cause of organization, yet upon either hypothesis this is undoubtedly true: The manifestations of life as seen and exhibited in the human individuality are largely governed and shaped by the method of action of the forces that are themselves resultant upon the structure of the human organism. Hence, whether science has as yet discovered, or not, the accompanying brain change for every form of insanity, or whether it as yet eludes our research, this one statement will undoubtedly hold that every varying exhibition of mental action, that everything that indicates the interior life of the man as expressed by the man's conduct as he walks through life, undoubtedly has its underlying cause. The hypochondriac, whose depression of spirit is due to his hypertrophied liver, the valetudinarian, whose Lilliputian irritabilities are dependent upon his imperfect digestion, are no more the product of physical causation than a lunatic in the midst of his hallucinations or the opium habitue in the calm of his opium trance. What has science to say as to the cause of these, at first benignant, and at last appalling, symptoms that write in letters of brightness or in characters of midnight the history of the opium

eater's career? What has taken place in his physical structure, antecedent to or corresponding with the changes that are observed in the man's character and in the man himself. Perfect and healthful mental life is doubtless as really, if not as plainly and visibly, the action of some form of physical structure and physical function as is the life of the body itself. Given a brain whose every nerve cell is physiologically perfect, a spinal cord whose every nerve fiber is an accurate reproduction of the intent of nature, a sympathetic nerve system which is as perfect in structure and function as it is possible to imagine, and I care not what environments may surround the man, what difficulties may beset him, what perplexities may be before him, that man will meet all life's emergencies as the Monitor met the Merrimac in the naval battle off Hampton Roads. That man is an iron-clad. His sturdy heart will not falter, his solid nervous system will not fail, under any of the assaults that may fly thick and fast around him from any of the artillery of life. He may be wearied, the evening may find him tired, a sleepless night now and then when the emergencies come too fast may see his brain wearied as the sunlight greets his eyes in the morning, but that man is equipped to meet his life as the Bethlehem shepherd boy was equipped to meet Philistia's giant. Had we a nation of men equipped like this, youths like the Apollo Belvidere, men like the Farnesian Hercules, women like the Venus de Medici (physically), our country would sweep on in its path from achievement to achievement, because its hills and its valleys, its far stretching prairies and its mighty hives of industry would be the dwelling place of an energy that would be as tireless as the stars in their courses. This is what humanity was

meant to be. This is what it would be if men did not burn the candle of life at both ends until its bright radiance dimmed into a spark that had no light in its heart. Was it Dr. Watts that said:

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long."

Whether it was or not, keep the harp in tune and the music of life would know no minor key. Life would be but a Jacob's ladder, when death should bid "forbear to mount higher," whose topmost round would be level and coterminous with the surface of the sea of glass. It is when the strings of the thousand-stringed harp get out of tune that the music dulls into discord. It is when want of exercise, luxury, dissipation, allow the strings to become loose and untensed that the sounds have no music in their strain. Of all the strings of the harp, the nerve fibers are the ones from which the sweetest music comes when tuned to proper pitch, which produce the most heart-piercing discords when distorted and starved by disease or external agency. The opium eater is a man whose nerves have been muffled for years by morphine. Every nerve cell, instead of being round and full and overflowing with energy is wrinkled and dwarfed and shrunk. The music can no longer sound from the harp, for the strings are nerveless and some of them broken. Between the man's inmost individuality and the world in which he lives, with all its variant and vibrant impressions, between his inmost self and the life that touches that self, there is the gap between his self and the world about his self, that gap that surrounds his life as the moats used to surround the old castles in the times of the Middle Ages. He is isolated, lonely,

apart from his fellows, because those avenues of sensibility that bring a man into closest communion with his fellow-men around him, and his God above him, are barred by the stakes that have been driven into his life during all his long years of habituation by the hand of the opium giant.

Had this treatise been written ten years ago, twenty-five years ago at all events, this chapter must have ended here. It would have been the saddest *Misereri* ever sounded in the ears of man. It would have been impossible to have spoken words that would have had within them much accent of cheer or uplift to the poor opium victim's heart. He must meet the end as best he could, or be prepared to endure tortures that few human systems can withstand. De Quincey's masterly pen describes, with as lurid emphasis as though its point had been dipped in the bitterness of hell, the experiences that must await the opium habitue on his path to freedom. After two attempts, says this gifted writer, after two attempts, when, after sufferings that seemed as intense as endless, he had succeeded in breaking his bonds twice, upon a third attempt his mournful failure compelled him to say in those words of pathos that reverberate like a requiem in a heart surcharged with misery: "I looked for the third time, and I saw those towering gates of ingress, which until now had seemed to stand wide open, clang together, barred and shut and hung with funeral crape." The sentiment that all is lost silently was gathered up into his heart, and where sympathy cannot be consolation and counsel cannot be hope, the voice perishes, the gestures are frozen and the spirit of man flies back upon its own center. "I, at least, upon seeing those awful gates closed and hung with draperies of woe, as for a death already passed,

spoke not, nor started, nor groaned. One profound sigh ascended from my heart and I was silent for days." This is not exaggerated language, these are not the words of a man writing for effect. Until within a number of years, the morphia habitue could count upon the fingers of both hands any even pretended avenues of escape. De Quincey's *Suspiria de Profundis* has found its echo at the bottom of every opium eater's soul. Had this book been obliged to end its chapter thus, this book would have remained forever unwritten. The world needs no more additions to its library of woe. The vocabulary of sorrow is ample enough, without searching for new and stronger terms. It is to unclothe the gates, it is to remove from their somber coloring that drapery of woe, that these words are given to the world. Can these gates of ingress that closed upon De Quincey be opened to the morphia habitue of to-day? They can. The writer speaks not merely from his own experience, but from that repeated by scores of his fellow-men. The man of genius, whose keen intuitions, whose elegant and subtle touch discovered the key that unbarred these gates, speaks from an experience, not of tens or of scores or of hundreds, but of thousands. There can no possible combination of symptoms arise along the path of the morphia habitue's experience, that Dr. Bellinger has not met and combatted with success. In his long train of victories there is not one single defeat, provided that the structural life processes have not been invaded almost to the extent of dissolution.

HOPE AND CURE.

What must a cure for opium be? What must it do? Along what lines must it work? What must be its aim and its intent? To answer this question, we must consider

the symptoms consequent upon the use of the poison and upon its attempt at abandonment. The suffering of an opium eater means what, upon the attempt at the abandonment of the drug? It means nerve nakedness. It means, with the nerves that have been muffled in morphia all these years, that the muffled coverings which surrounded them are now being removed. These structural changes of the nerve tissue that have taken place consequent upon the long-continued use of the drug would have been felt going on in the opium eater's system except that the opium which produces them is itself an anodyne and masks the consciousness of their existence: When that process is reversed and the reconstructed system of the opium eater must be reconstructed again, the anodyne which masked the consciousness of their existence while he was walking along into the pathway of the opium disease is no longer present to control the exhibition of that terrible power. Hence, the opium habitue finds himself in the midst of a condition of pain and of suffering and of woe and of agony unmatched and matchless by any other conception or exhibition of the power of the human system to suffer pain. As De Quincey said, "I used to feel as a man described once to me his feelings who had been stretched upon the rack."

What are the symptoms met with consequent upon an attempt at abandonment of the drug? Into these symptoms the morphia habitue passes within a very few hours beyond the time of his accustomed dose. Among other features of this subtle nerve poison is the necessity for its periodicity. By the experience of the years, the nerve centers of the opium habitue have accustomed themselves to the renewal of the effects of the poison at stated intervals,

and it is upon the breaking of this periodicity that the earlier suffering depends. Within a very few hours the sufferer loses what little self-possession he has. He becomes apprehensive and timorous. He starts at the slightest sound. He becomes drenched in perspiration, which flows from him as though a constant shower bath were pouring down its rain upon his head. The stomach, accustomed to the stimulus under whose power it alone for years has been able to act, refuses food, all appetite disappears. The secretions of the system, long locked up in the opium vice, all reassert themselves with an intensity that is overpowering. The eyes flow with unbidden tears. Every pore of the skin pours forth its function of rain. The bowels start into an activity that it seems would drain the entire fluids away from the system within a few hours. And now come those darker and heavier symptoms. The brain, long free from hallucinations—for, unlike hashish, chloral and cocaine, opium seldom disturbs the normal action of the mind to the extent of producing hallucinations until the later stages come, which end in insanity or death, but upon its abandonment come the specters which seem to march into life's interior in a ceaseless column. Everything that is distorted, everything that plays upon his fears, everything that unmans him, all that reduces him to a pitiable, shivering, suffering wreck of humanity, attacks him at once. One moment he is in the embrace of a fever that seems to burn into his vitals, the next he is in the icy grip of the king of cold. Up and down his spine, up and down his limbs, dart strange, unnatural pains. It seems as though every bone in the body had a separate nerve to ache. In this condition, sleep flies from his life with a shriek. There is an infinite extension of

the sense of the passage of time. Whether there is any other man that knows it or not, the army of opium eaters all understand the deeper and more hidden significance of the solemn sentence of Holy Writ, "One day is as a thousand years." The opium eater shuts his eyes with what little volition he still possesses and endeavors to hold himself quiet by sheer power of will that the hours may pass more rapidly. He lies upon his bed of torture, holds his eyes fast closed until he thinks an hour or two has passed, and opens them to find that perhaps two minutes have glided by. It seems to him that every day contains the heart of an eternity. And this condition of human agony does not mean an attack for a day or a week, but, as De Quincey says himself in relating his own experience, after four months had passed he was still the writhing, trembling, suffering fragment of a man that he was at the end of the fourth or fifth day of his attempt to win back his freedom.

The world, with its strange ignorance, knows little of all these dark symptoms. In an article written but a few months since, of considerable rhetorical power, which appeared in the *New York World*, I find the following sentence: that "morphine habitues are peculiarly susceptible to cold, and pneumonia and kindred diseases carry them off by scores and hundreds." No opium eater who reads that sentence will fail to see that the writer was endeavoring to describe what he knew nothing about. An opium eater with a cold? Why as De Quincey says, he did not have a suspicion of a cold all the years of his addiction. There are some diseases against which the opium eater is clad in mail. A cold or any inflammation of the internal membranes of the body is to the opium eater a practical impossibility.

The opium eater will go into a hospital crowded with yellow fever patients and never take the disease. He will walk along through hospital wards crowded with typhus and typhoid, virtually impregnable to their contagion. The drug, while making havoc with the interior citadels of life, seems to protect the man against some of these ulterior incidents to which the ordinary man is liable. It wrecks him in its own way, tolerates but little interference with its absolute dominion and kingship. The time when the morphia habitue is liable to colds and pneumonia is when he is attempting to abandon the drug or along the earlier months of his dearly bought victory.

Such are the more prominent features, and this is the more visible panorama of suffering which the opium eater has to meet as he enters and passes the threshold of his attempt. Now, what has medical science done for the opium eater, since the time when the use of this drug was becoming so fearfully common and wrecking so many lives, the brightest lives usually, for the constitution and temperament that make the born opium eater are the resultant of the highest bloom and fruitage of civilization? What has science done for him, what has medical art had to say to him, until these very recent years? Practically nothing. Even to-day, not the average practitioners, but the trained specialists, when they told him the truth and nothing but the truth, had very few words of hope to offer. The average man, skeptical as he always is of what he has not himself experienced, says to him, "Show your manhood, if you have any. Stop the use of the drug that is killing you. When a sensible man finds a thing that injures him, he throws it out of his life." Sometimes you are met by the divine injunction, "If thy right hand offend thee, cut

it off." But the hand which the opium eater himself cuts off in order to cast the enemy out of his life, must be, and has always been, the right hand of his very self. He must dis sever himself from his own individuality before he could experience relief. To tell the confirmed morphia habitue, whose system had been permeated by the drug poison to the extent of nervous reconstruction, and tissue reorganization to stop by an effort of will, would be about as effective as for the ordinary man of to-day to attempt to repeat the experience and reproduce the miracle of the Man of Nazareth as He bade, upon the surface of Galilee's lake, the winds and the waves to be still, and expect them to down at his bidding. Macbeth found one ghost that would not disappear at his summons. The morphia habitue knows that his specter of Banquo stands in the center of his life, laughing at his command that it disappear. Thus the poor victim of the worst disease that has ever invaded humanity's citadel of life has found himself not only helpless and alone, but the victim of an ignorance as unreasonable as unscientific.

ATTEMPTS AT CURE.

What have been some of the earlier attempts to aid the victim in his efforts? Go to Germany to-day and you will meet, if you care to see it, the famous sanitarium of Levensstein. The morphia patient is received there for treatment. What is done with him? Perhaps of himself, unaware of the agony he undergoes, he voluntarily consents to his friends' attempt at putting him under conditions of relief. He is put into a padded room. The walls above his head are carefully protected against his despairing attempts to end his own life. There is not a particle of furniture in the room that is not equally thus guarded. A

strong trained attendant is placed there with him, and the so-called treatment is begun. What is the treatment? To very rapidly or perhaps entirely shut him off from the accustomed stimulant that has alone for years given him quietude or relief. There he is kept, there he must suffer. If he falls into a collapse, if the powers of the system seem to be about to entirely fail, he is given just a minute portion of his accustomed drug, just barely enough to make him conscious of his misery again, and he is kept there and the weary days drag by until, if he is a man of exceptional power of constitution and has left enough remaining of that subtle something that we call vitality, he is given back broken, shivering, a fragment of a man, to his friends.

What have been some of the later methods in this same direction? I knew a man, a man of wealth and standing some thirteen years ago, that surrendered himself to the direction of the physicians in control of a prominent sanitarium in this country. He gave them legal control of him for a specified period. Something like a week after his entrance there, when in the stress of the opium agony, he approached the physician in charge and said to him, "Give me back that paper that I gave to you, giving you legal control of me for a specified time. Here is a large sum of money. Take it. Tear up the paper and let me go." The physician, with kind heart, probably, but with terribly mistaken judgment, laughed at his appeal and neglected his warning. This sharp, keen man of business, as he was, went directly back to his room, moved aside the marble top of the bureau there, took the blade of a very small razor, lay upon the bed with a hand mirror before his face and in an instant severed the carotid artery, and the news

was flashed over the wires to the city where I then lived that he had committed suicide. In this sanitarium, the mode of treatment was the rapid reduction of the drug and the attempt to sustain the system by means of whatever of tonics the modern pharmacopœia contained. During the last quarter of a century everything in the known repertoire of therapeutics has been used over and over again to find some avenue by which the poor victim could march to his freedom with mitigation of his sufferings. The remedies of the bromide class, in some of the more prominent sanitariums, have been used even to the point of keeping the sufferer unconscious for days at a time.

Often after such an experience the sufferer would come forth, living, to be sure, but with the mainsprings of life all broken. The writer, some two years ago, together with the assistance of one of the ablest nervous specialists that this country contains, devoted many weeks of time to running through the entire list of tonic and sedative remedies, importing from Europe all that the resources of modern chemistry had succeeded in discovering. While we were able to control and mitigate many of the more unpleasant incidental symptoms, it was always necessary for a certain amount of the drug itself to be present in any combination we could devise. Scattered all over the country to-day are nerve cure retreats, nerve rest asylums, sanitariums without number, where the treatment of this disease is attempted and where, in some instances, with a greater or less degree of accompanying unhappiness, with more or less suffering to be undergone, the patient, if himself possessed—which morphia habitues rarely are—of a sufficient amount of volition or remaining strength of constitution, may succeed in coming out into life again

freed from the use of the drug. But there then remains a long time in which the sufferer, with unstrung nervous system, with great loss of energy and no small degree of insomnia, finds himself for an indefinite period still craving, his whole system still crying out for the old drug that in its one hand carried relief from pain and in its other created it. De Quincey, to quote once more from the great author, says that "nervous irritability is the secret desolator of life." The difficulty is with all these so-called cures, much nervous irritability still remains. The patient, after having been pronounced a cured man, still finds his system reaching out for some form of support, constantly longing for something either to sustain it or to soothe it. This is hardly to be wondered at, for the brilliant Fitz Hugh Ludlow once said: "The effect of alcohol upon the human system, after even its abuse for the greater portion of a lifetime, as compared with that of opium used for a comparatively limited period, so far as the suffering consequent upon its abandonment is concerned, is as the clutch of an angry woman compared with the embrace of Victor Hugo's *Pieurve*." Morphia expends its strength most largely upon the nervous system, and any remedy, to do what a remedy must do, that is worthy of the name of cure, must to a great degree be able to steady and support the system against the ravages that the drug has brought about during this long period of convalescence, while the entire system is being reorganized and reconstructed. The vaso-motor system of nerves, the relaxation of which is the cause of the profuse perspirations; the comparatively feeble action of the heart and abnormal condition of the circulation, from which proceeds the feeling of self-distrust and that attitude of mental

timorousness and shrinking, which are so characteristic of the opium user in his later stages—these must be sustained until nature recovers her wonted equilibrium.

The profuse diarrhoea resultant upon the relaxed condition of the inner coats of the intestines, which causes the sufferer such constant inconvenience and produces so generally a sense of prostration, this must be combatted as well. When we remember that this one drug is the strongest alleviative known to medical science, the one whose pain killing properties render it *facile princeps* in its power to quell and subdue pain, when we consider that this one drug standing peerless and alone among all others of the sedative and narcotic class, has lost its power upon the system habituated to its use, we can understand the significance of Ludlow's language as he says: "I shall never forget the look of horror upon that fearful Chinese face that I once saw outside the door of an opium joint in San Francisco, at six o'clock in the morning. Its look of terror was so haunting that I reined up my horse beside him and made the sign of the pipe, proposing in pigeon English to furnish the necessary coin, as he spread out his hands in front of him with the palm extended downward toward the ground and slowly shook his head. He was what is called an opium fiend, and his gesture meant that he had gone to the end of the opium rope. The drug had nothing more to give him." And when this most mighty alleviative has lost its power to alleviate, when this one drug has bestowed its last Judas kiss and has nothing more to give, the condition of the sufferer is, indeed, past all words. During the past year it has been the fortune of the writer to hear related the case of a well known New England business man, who was endeavoring,

in addition to his daily quantum of the drug, to sustain his failing system with large amounts of alcohol, and to hear related his experience at one of the European sanitariums where the system of rapid reduction is practiced. He said that after a confinement of several days, he told the attendant placed in charge of him that it would be worth a large sum of money for him to turn his head away for a few moments that he might secretly leave the walls of his prison house of torture. This man said that to pile the room in which he was confined with diamonds, or to give him \$1,000 per minute, would not be the slightest temptation to pass through again those days of agony. It is not three months since a bright young physician, who had passed the summer at one of these sanitariums where this method of rapid reduction, together with the administration of one of the so-called modern cures, was also used, said in my hearing that nothing that he could conceive of on earth would induce him to pass through the experience of those weeks again. They all fail in the two essentials of a perfect opium cure. They fail first in their ability to sustain the system of the patient in such a manner that he can pass through his weeks of treatment without shock in any way to the already shocked and weakened system. They fail, secondly, in the fact that they leave the patient in such condition that his future abstinence is largely, if not wholly, a matter of sheer volition, with the system still calling for the well known nepenthe and with the resistance to that craving a mere matter of the will. The time is sure to come when the patient will lapse again into the arms of his old bondage. The craving, the demand of the system, that peculiar condition of mental and nervous unrest which is something specific in kind and which

only the opium eater knows, is either constant, a something that is within him by day and by night, or, if by reason of constitution or of circumstance he has been able to resist it for the time, it is sure to return and make its attack at some moment when the will, the sentinel that guards these weakened life positions, has for a time relaxed its vigilance, and then, at some moment of temptation, some door of invitation opening suddenly and almost without warning, the patient finds himself a slave again almost before he fully realizes the fact.

THE PERFECT CURE.

The perfect opium cure must be a something that for a season almost supplies that part of the man which is lacking in the man himself. It must be an ally so potent and so constant that it shall lock arms with the sufferer whose faltering steps are so wont to stumble, and that shall sustain him when weary, shall support him when faint, and shall whisper words of encouragement into his ear when he falters or falls by the way. It must be a something whose wand shall have magic enough in its waving to give to him, during his period of early abstinence from the drug, nights of refreshing slumber. The perfect cure must be potent enough to sing a lullaby that shall charm the patient's tortured nerves and weary brain into the land of slumber. It must be able to make a living reality of the old nursery song, "Thy mother is shaking the dream-land tree." One of the most torturing and tormenting features of the attempt by rapid reduction or any other mode that has until of late been known, was not the tendency but the certainty of a long period of insomnia. The opium eater knows just how many minutes and seconds there are between the twilight of the evening and the

dawn of the morning. He knows just how the bells sound when they toll out the hours of the long night watches. He has learned to distinguish the different tones that come from their brazen throats. The opium eater knows, if no one else does, what a silence broods over the earth in the, to him, seemingly endless hours of the midnight darkness. How he longs and longs upon his bed, which gives him no ease, for the rising of to-morrow's sun, whose beams, when rising, give to him so little promise of relief. The opium eater knows what it is to sit among friends at such periods as this with listless countenance, uninterested in all the details of life. He realizes what it is to be bound down with something that seems to have paralysis in its touch as it lays its finger upon every energy of his life. At such a period as this, the period of enforced abstinence, thoughts come rolling in upon the brain, as the ocean sends in its message by the waves from its far-off horizons. The thoughts come, but they do not stay. He has no power to grasp them. They come and go, fleeing through the chambers of his mind like uneasy ghosts. He sees, for this drug has little influence upon the faculties of perception, the tasks of life, how many they are, how promising, but when he puts forth his arms to grapple with them those arms fall in uselessness by his side. All this is the story, not of one day, but of the weeks that mount upward into the months. I received a letter some two years since from a man who had passed through one of these sanitariums, written five months after his period of release, and he wrote to me then that he thought he ought to be considered very heroic for being able to make the effort to write. The difficulty standing in the way of a perfect opium cure is that the gateway must be opened again by means

resembling, in greater or less degree, the influences and powers which closed it; but what shall cope with this king of drugs to hurl him from his throne when his arms are extended to embrace so much of the sufferer's life within their sweep, without wrenching and tearing the sufferer's life in twain as well? Those milder drugs of the sedative class which produce perceptible and visible results upon a normal system might as well be scattered upon the floor as to be placed in the stomach of an opium eater. You might as well pour bromides into a gun barrel, expecting aid or help, as to put them into the system of an opium eater, unless they were pushed to the point of unconsciousness. This has been the problem before the whole medical world ever since the time that this drug began to be used in such ways as to form a habit; this has been the enigma remaining not only unsolved but seemingly incapable of solution.

Has that problem been solved to-day? Is there in this month of January, 1894, a perfect opium cure known?

Dr. Bellinger is one of those enthusiasts in the pursuit of science and in behalf of humanity that are one of the highest products of Christian civilization. The man whose life is passed in constant outlook of soul toward his fellow-men, whose daily and yearly efforts of body and of mind are all exerted for the purpose of banishing some shadow from men's lives and hearts, comes the nearest to following in the footsteps of the Divine Physician from Nazareth that this earth ever sees. Such a man as that loses sight of self, because his keen, beneficent vision is filled with the sight and vision of countless other selves. Into the hands of such a man, this peerless remedy, devised by the German medical director, fell. Upon that knowledge coming

to his soul, he set at work, with careful, deliberative and incessant scrutiny, with accuracy of observation that never flagged or tired, to bring it to all possible point of perfection, working for years to find that which the world had never found. At last he found it. Beginning some years ago in the west, his experience has steadily broadened and widened, an experience achieved all along the great cities of our Pacific coast, the number of observations constantly accumulating, year by year adding to the long list of burdened and enslaved lives freed from their bondage of darkness and of curse, cases mounting into the hundreds and then into the thousands, until at the present moment it is far within the language of exaggeration to say that there is no possible or conceivable aspect of the resultants of all forms of drug bondage that this man has not seen and met. Morphine, cocaine, chloral, hashish, strong as these fiends are of grip on human life, they at last met one whose grasp was stronger than their own. Opium, which in its subtle insidiousness and tireless persistence seems sometimes to be almost a living thing, which holds its grasp upon a human life as the devil fish drags its victim down into the bosom of the ocean darkness, this giant monster found at last its master.

Speaking with all deliberation, knowing that this book will not only be read by thousands of morphia victims but will pass under the critical eye of many physicians also, the writer stakes his reputation for truth and veracity, pledges his standing among men and their esteem for him as a man whose word can be believed, and states without the slightest fear of contradiction that there is no possible instance, no conceivable case of opium habituation, no phase of the opium disease, that this man has not met

and subdued. Let any case, no matter how bad, no matter to what monstrous figures the daily ration of opium, cocaine or any other of those enslaving drugs may have reached, provided that none of the great organs that hold the citadel of life itself, like the heart, is attacked and no organic lesions, the result of some major surgical operation, have rendered the drug necessary and might return if it were withdrawn, any opium case the ravages upon whose human system were due to the effects of the drug *per se*, be named; the writer stakes his reputation as a physician, his word as a man, that there is no case to be found on earth that Dr. Bellinger's cure will not perfectly subdue.

CASES STATED.

The writer is given the following illustration from the lips of a man, who, himself a physician, noted down with extreme painstaking and care his experience with the Bellinger cure. This gentleman says:

"My attention was first called to the work of the German Remedy Co. early in October. I had long before endeavored to free myself, by every known treatment that to my knowledge the world contained, from a habituation to the opium bondage extending over a quarter of a century. I began the use of opium itself in the year succeeding the close of the war, because of malaria and chronic diarrhoea. Being unfortunate enough to possess one of those De Quincey-like temperaments, I found myself fast in its fetters before I realized the fact. My fright upon realizing where I was and what I was, led me to those attempts at self-emancipation whose torments every opium eater who has ever made similar ones knows so well. The years passed away, and I had settled down to the thought

that I should be obliged to use the drug during my entire lifetime. I was enabled to continue my practice, with more or less of weakness and difficulty. Early in the '70s I used, for some ten years, three or four of the leading so-called cures sent to be used by the patients at their homes. I found some relief from most of them, but, either from want of resolution or lack of persistent determination, failed to find freedom in any of them. I entered several different sanitariums, in all but one of which I failed to find relief at all. In that one I was freed from the use of the drug itself more than once, the difficulty being that I could never succeed in holding a grip upon myself long enough for the system to be entirely reconstructed. This might have been due to weakened volition upon my own part, or the lack of something that enabled the system to hold itself together without such an effort of will. Be it the one or the other, I relapsed several times.

On the 26th day of last October I entered the offices of the German Remedy Co., in the Hotel Pelham in the city of Boston for the first time. As I entered the door, I looked into the faces of two men whose names will never be absent from any prayer that I may ever make so long as I live on earth. My now honored and loved friend, Judge Bronson, of Cambridge, greeted me as I entered the portal of the room. His kindly greeting and beaming expression of good will to men that shone upon his face, as it lit up once for the Bethlehem shepherds the sky above the Chaldean plains, will never be forgotten. Dr. Harrison, who was then medical director of the company in the east, Dr. Bellinger himself being in the west, took me into his private office for a few moments' conversation. I said to him, 'Doctor, I tell you frankly that I have an utter

disbelief in the possibility of the deliverance of the human system from the opium bondage without some inconvenience, weakness, languor and suffering.' He said to me, 'Our patients all say that. Who wonders that they have that disbelief? But you feel that your system needs relief. Why not come here for two or three weeks, begin our course of treatment, which you can stop at any time that you care not to continue it longer, and see if we make one single promise to you which we do not keep. We ask neither from you nor from any other patient one dollar of remuneration until our work is done, not only to our satisfaction, but to your own.' Such a basis of proposal as that could not but inspire confidence, and as soon as my business matters could be arranged I came to Boston to begin the course of treatment. The leading editor of one of the prominent journals of New England had said of me to a friend, 'If that treatment succeeds with my friend it certainly will cure any case that lives,' for I had been proverbially, owing to the intensity and extreme development of the nervous system, a very difficult case to treat.

"I began treatment as directed, and every dose of medicine that I was given was made the object of a scrutiny and study of its effects that did not cease until the next one was administered. For the first four or five days the system felt so strong and well that long nights of dreamless sleep, that luxury that is so long absent from the older opium habitues' lives, led me to believe that, if not administering the drug itself in combination with powerful tonics, it was something very, very similar to it. One morning, after being upon treatment for about a week, I met the following condition, which was proof positive, as it must be to every opium eater, that the treatment was

not by reduction nor by administration of the drug itself: I took my morning treatment at eight o'clock. For two hours and a half I felt not the slightest influence of the remedy. Then it seemed to produce its ordinary effect and with perfect comfort carried the system along for two or three hours more. I saw this peculiarity of the remedy even more strongly manifest in the person of another physician who was also under treatment. He received his morning dose. It did not affect him. Three hours later he was given another, one hour after receiving which he left the office, stating that he still failed to feel any influence from them. As he did not return at the usual hour of the afternoon, I went to his residence to find out the reason why. The doctor was not at home. He entered the office some three hours later, making a similar statement, that, upon reaching his home the remedy produced its usual result and his system had not needed any more until that hour of the evening at which he returned. This was proof positive to me, who knew the ins and outs of this subtle agent so well, that the cure was not being effected by some mode of administration of lessening quantities of the drug itself, for the opium eater knows, especially he who has used it hypodermically, that the relief he experiences is immediate, almost instant, while four or five hours later finds the influence of the dose nearly gone. I was constantly looking through the days and through the weeks for symptoms that did not appear. The old-time profuse perspiration, the loss of energy, the sleepless nights, the loosened condition of the bowels resulting in a constant diarrhœa, that indescribable condition of unease and unrest so well known and so tormenting, with the eye of a hawk I was watching for those symptoms day by day, but the symptoms did not appear.

"I went through the course of treatment, passed out beyond it, hardly knowing when the specific treatment ceased to be administered, and with a system as quiet, calm and almost as strong as in the earlier years before the use of the drug was begun. I had lost some fifteen or twenty pounds of flesh, which caused a thinness of the countenance and a general look of some want of robustness, which is experienced in most of the cases, but not in all. Upon cessation of the treatment, however, the end being reached, the flesh lost during its progress was regained more rapidly than it was lost. Neither during the progress of treatment nor at the period of its cessation was there any of the dreaded insomnia. Neither were there any of those results which the opium eater has so learned to look for and from which he shrinks so fearfully. Only a few days scattered along here and there of a little want of nerve power, some little consciousness of lassitude, indisposition for exertion, that was all that the closest scrutiny enabled me to detect during the entire course of treatment. Owing to the fact of my intensely nervous organization, and of a few complicating symptoms scattered along through the way, I was myself under treatment much longer, I found, than the usual patient."

The writer describes a case that came under his own observation, somewhat different from the last. This patient was also a physician, a physician of large practice, a man of perfect integrity. He had been the victim of the opium disease for about twenty-eight years, taking, during the last twenty years of that time, about thirty grains of morphia per day. This gentleman began treatment late in the month of November, 1893. He was warned not to expect to be able to continue his practice

during all the time of treatment, as the remedy is not intended to supply the demands made upon the system for an unusual amount of energy. Circumstances seemed to demand that he make his medical calls every day, which he did. The writer was able to see this gentleman every four hours during his entire course of progress, and watched him with exceeding care. His was a temperament widely different from the case just given. His was not as nervous an organization. He was a man in whom the phlegmatic element of temperament was more largely developed. He began treatment after a constant and unintermittent use of the drug for the long period of almost thirty years, using these enormous quantities without cessation or break. In just twenty-seven days from the time he took his first dose of the remedy he was entirely through his treatment, had carried on his practice during the entire period of its administration, and at its close was so filled with a depth of conviction as to its possibility of blessing and benefit to his fellow-men that he disposed of his large and lucrative practice, the results of the labors of twenty-five long years, to take the medical direction of one of the larger institutes in the United States.

It may be asked, How does a remedy act possessing such potency as this and achieving results so beneficent? It acts first by direct influence upon the nerve centers, supplying them with that artificial energy which prevents the motor nerves from relaxing and drenching the sufferer with the opium perspiration, by a toning effect upon the cells and fibers of the brain and spinal cord, thus guarding against the fever flushes and the icy cold that grip him, and to a degree it supplies the place of food. During the first four weeks of its administration, the appetite of the

patient will ordinarily fail. This is the time when flesh is lost. The reorganization of tissue which is going on in the human body proceeds so much more rapidly as the opium is withdrawn that elimination is accomplished faster than substitution. This is not the system of rapid reduction. The patient takes his last dose of morphia, or opium, or cocaine, or chloral, before he begins his treatment. The remedy sustains the system to such an extent that the physician in the case last quoted carried his morphia powders in his pocket during his entire time of treatment. Because of a failing appetite, the elimination of nerve tissue and of all tissue from the human system goes on with increased rapidity, and hence for a time the patients lose flesh; but there is no appreciable loss of strength, for instructions in diet and exercise are so minutely given that, if followed with anything like faithfulness, the system is supported and sustained during the weeks of treatment. Upon the cessation of the treatment the appetite returns with not only normal but almost abnormal intensity, and flesh is regained faster than it was lost.

Opium is a very peculiar drug in this respect, among others, that while writing its autograph of wreck deeply into the heart of the system while it is taken into it, upon the withdrawal of the drug and its elimination from the system all normal processes of the physical organism resume their operation with all their pristine power. The system seems to bound up from its long time of bondage like a rubber ball. The countenance assumes a different hue. Ten to fifteen years seem to be rolled right off the patient's appearance. He looks young again, fresh and bright as in the happier days which lie the other side of his enshrouded past. The remedy guards the avenues of

the system in such a way that the forces of lassitude, insomnia, lack of nerve power, and all those many symptoms of suffering, are not able to find their way to shoot into it their arrows of pain. And the treatment has been now so perfected that no complication can arise along the course of treatment, unless it results from some organic lesion totally beyond the power of medicine or surgery to control at all, that the remedy cannot meet and overcome. It leaves the patient, not merely a fragment of a man, simply not using morphine, with the long, long, dreary way before him before his thought can be concentrated or his mental powers focused upon any form of life effort, and with a body too weak for exertion and yet too nervous and full of unrest for repose, but it gives the man back himself, with all the deleterious effects of the drug removed from his system and scattered along the path behind him to vex and trouble him no more. He goes out into the world again, not because he is forced into it, but because he wishes to go. Life's interests again meet his gaze and he looks them triumphantly in the face. The bells that had so long tolled in the steeple of his despair lose their jangling discord, and the music that comes forth from them seems as though it came from throats of gold. This is what the Bellinger opium cure will do for every opium eater on earth, speedily, easily and triumphantly.

THE COCAINE HABIT.

"That way madness lies."—*King Lear*.

"Have we eaten of the irsane root?"—*Macbeth*.

CHAPTER III.

THE COCAINE HABIT.

When a man takes up the last edition of the Pharmacopœia or the Dispensatory, he finds some agents there that were known to Hippocrates. There are drugs along the columns of those voluminous works that have been known since pain and disease walked with sinister step into the circumference of human life, and there are others that are the children of the recent yesterdays. Among this latter class is the drug cocaine, the alkaloid, the active principle of the erythroxylon plant, this new drug which, together with its first cousin, chloral, was recently called by a prominent German specialist, crystallized hell. The home of the plant from which cocaine is derived is in South America. The natives there chew its leaves for the purpose of a strong tonic to the entire system. By its aid they will go for days without food, held up by the strong toning power of the coca plant. It is not many years since that this new drug, the alkaloid of the coca plant, was introduced into medical science under the name of cocaine. Like some of the other products of modern chemistry, it was supposed at first that we had found a panacea for many obstinate human ills. It was at first deemed that we had in this alkaloid a remedy and cure for the opium disease, and many were the experiments made along in this direction—experiments which resulted too frequently in intensifying and adding a new element to the sufferings of the already burdened opium eater, by introducing him to this new border land of pain. As used

for such purposes, medical science has discarded it, but for the purpose of a local anæsthetic that destroys the sensibility of the cutaneous nerves, that permits of the performance of minor surgical operations without pain, that renders it possible to introduce a knife into the center of the human eye without producing the slightest suffering, it has its place to-day.

EFFECTS.

Cocaine somewhat resembles its sister drug, morphia, and in many respects it differs from it. The first touch of the cocaine exhilaration is somewhat similar in kind to that of the embrace of morphia. Thrown into the system not accustomed to its use, its first effect is that of a pleasant exhilaration, somewhat similar to that produced by three or four glasses of champagne. The life current is somewhat quickened in its movement. A warm, pleasurable exhilaration pervades the entire system. The nerves are steadied. The mental activities take on a new, rich glow. But of all the dissolving views produced by the earlier stages of these drugs that enslave, that of cocaine dissolves the soonest. Opium in its earlier effects holds the mind of the man into whose system it has gone in a steady, equable calm that lasts for hours. With cocaine, however, especially when introduced into the system hypodermically, its presence is felt instantly, but it fades away like the shifting pageant of a dream. Twenty minutes to half an hour is sufficient for this subtle drug to enter the system, produce its results and fade away. It has this farther peculiarity in its mode of action, that, while opium leaves the system gradually, so far as its specific influences are perceived, cocaine passes out of the system with almost the suddenness of a lightning stroke.

Not quicker does the electric current leave the system when the sponges are withdrawn, than does cocaine instantly drop the man who has been the recipient of its power from the perception of its effects into the reaction that touches him so suddenly. The effect of opium is to produce a tranquillity that, once established, like a fully risen tide, the mark of the waters remains in the same place. Cocaine mounts to the brain almost with the rapidity of the blood circulation itself. It leaves it with equal celerity. The pleasures of alcohol are constantly mounting and tending to a climax. Those of opium are steady, those of cocaine are intense but evanescent. The specific effects of this drug, taken into the system, vary also very considerably from those of opium. The man who takes opium into his stomach rarely does so more than four or five times a day; the morphia habitue who uses a hypodermic syringe rarely thrusts the injection under the skin more than six or eight times during the twenty-four hours; the cocaine habitue, in order to know anything like the continuous effects of the drug, must repeat his dose at least every half hour. Opium takes the nervous system in its grasp and holds it steadily quiet for hours at a time; cocaine puts a mirror before the soul, painted with every bright color, and then no sooner do you look at the beautiful landscape than it is withdrawn. It is a pure nerve stimulant, hence its suddenness both of assault and of departure. The opium habitue may have a fairly steady hand and a reasonably steady head for years after his addiction; the cocaine user finds a complete and ever increasing lack of power to co-ordinate the muscles of the body, different sets of muscles seem to act independently of each other, the arms moving in different directions and the head in a different one still.

One limb will be distorted with cramp, while the rest of the body seems free from it.

Early in the initiation of the cocaine habitue come other specific influences which the drug contains. It has the power, more than any other drug of this entire class, with possibly the exception of hashish or *Cannabis Indica*, to produce hallucinations. The opium eater lives in a lotus land, and yet he is conscious who he is and what he is; the cocaine habitue lives in the midst of the unreal, of the illusionary. He hears strange voices talking around him, sometimes recognizing that they are the children of the drug, sometimes believing them to be actualities. It is said of the poet Goethe that he had the power to project at will a specter before his vision, that the specter would assume a chair opposite to that in which he himself was sitting, that with every appearance of being real the great poet was conscious all the while that it was a specter of his brain. The cocaine habitue repeats the experience of the German poet, with this distinction: Oftentimes he is not conscious of the visionary character of all the moving phantasmagoria that come and go within the circuit of his life. He hears the voices of well known friends the other side the door calling to him all night long. They sound real. For a time he thinks they are there. He will walk upon the street looking around the corner for unreal acquaintances to come to him, and yet, with any amount of disappointment at the visions of yesterday not materializing into shape, his confidence is always renewed that the present visions shall be realized.

I have known a case where a man for four years used cocaine alone, a very rare experience. Usually the two drugs are combined and the amount of opium largely

increased to guard against the actions of cocaine. I have known a man to take this drug consecutively for four years. By all precedent and experience, he should have been in an insane asylum at least two years ago. We sometimes speak of a man living a dual life. We mean ordinarily that because of this reason or that he changes his plane of activity, but he himself is conscious of the change. It is done with deliberate intent and forethought. This gentleman that I mention was the liver of a dual life of a totally different kind. It was due, not to him, but to cocaine. He was sane by day; he was insane at night. By day he would attend to his business, meet his customers, carry on his occupation, seemingly a man of intelligence and balanced judgment; by night from the hour of the first dose of cocaine to the last one in the morning he lived a life in an unreal land filled with seeming realities that were always making promises to the ear and breaking them to the hope.

SYMPTOMS.

The appearance of the cocaine user is also different from that of the morphia habitue. The confirmed morphine fiend has the pasty complexion, the dull, gray-white look as though his face were cut out of gray, whitish marble. He has the look of helplessness and of despair so characteristic of that form of drug bondage. The appearance of the cocaine habitue is equally significant but different in kind. The opium eater's wildness of eye or general look of unreality, is because of a dullness of vision, because of a settled look of sullen indifference which covers his features like a pall. The cocaine habitue is a man whose eye is wild, the pupils dilated instead of contracted, and with a peculiar, haggard blueness of look, in the worst

cases almost equaling the look of a man who has been cured of epilepsy by the use of nitrate of silver, making what is termed the blue man that we used to speak of in our childhood. The depression of the morphine user is a settled, habitual hopelessness. The cocaine habitue is constantly jumping from the height to the depth, only constantly jumping from a lower height and reaching a lower depth. A drug like this soon tears the mental faculties in tatters. The human brain or nervous system was never made to withstand such shocks, hence his career is far shorter than that of the morphia maniac, whose career often extends through the larger part of a lifetime. Cocaine sends its victims to shipwreck with all the engines in full blast. They reach the rocks very quickly. One feature of this drug is its intense power to produce mental depression. The spiritual experiences into which cocaine will carry its votaries are so terrible that often the victim even shrinks from their description. His life slips away from him as the snow slips away from the earth when the April winds play upon it. His life is going fast and he knows it, but feels himself powerless to arrest the downward development.

LITERATURE.

The literature of this drug is very meager. Physicians have largely discarded it for every purpose except the one of producing local anæsthetization. Its votaries are not so numerous as those of morphine, but the condition into which they are carried with awful celerity is one pitiable to look upon. The cocaine habitue goes over his Niagara rapidly, and there is hardly a limit to the depth into which he descends. For power to produce concentrated human misery, for power to squeeze out of life

everything that makes life desirable, this drug, cocaine, stands solitary and peerless.

PATHOLOGY.

The pathology of cocaine, what it does to the interior nerve cells specifically, is comparatively little known. It seems to spend its power upon the terminal nerves and specially the intellectual and emotive faculties of the brain. It has this one ameliorating feature, it is not so very difficult of cure. I have seen a cocaine habitue go into the office of our company for treatment with his hallucinations so fixed upon him that he could not sit in the chair without looking around to see if there was some face by his side or in the rear, who was not able to converse with the physician who talked with him until he had first, with the cocaine suspicion fast upon him, whispered in the physician's ear, "You had better lock the doors." It seemed as though this man's life were so shattered that it were as impossible to pick its fragments up and put them together as those of the body of a man flung into the air, mangled into a thousand pieces, by the stroke of a locomotive going at full speed, and yet I have seen this same man, within the period of four weeks, regain his normal health, pass into a condition of cheery brightness of mind, conduct his business with all his old-time intelligence and acuteness, and in the short period of thirty days pass from the condition of a man who had not one single faculty seemingly intact against the terrible inroads of this drug, clothed in his right mind and all the faculties of his life in normal and harmonious action. No cocaine habitue need despair of relief, with far less suffering, with much less time necessary than would be required of the victims of most other forms of drug slavery. The cocaine seems to pass away out

of his system, leaving no trace behind. The Bellinger cure seems to take hold of the cocaine wreckage of body and mind from the very first moment of its entrance to the system. The man feels stronger, better, feeling day by day his faculties coming back at its beneficent request, and within the limit of a few short weeks, so far as can be judged by his appearance, his sensations and his testimony, his old cocaine bondage, with its terrific train of symptoms, seems to have folded its tent like the Arabs and have stolen out of his life, passing away from his experience like the fancies of a troubled dream.

THE CHLORAL HABIT.

"I have lost the immortal part of myself."—*Othello*.

"Hath into monstrous habits put the graces that once were his."—*Henry VIII*.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHLORAL HABIT.

Among all the drugs to which the attention of the medical profession has been directed in recent years there has perhaps been none that promised so much and from whose use so much was anticipated, and which has so rapidly lost ground and is passing into "innocuous desuetude," as the hydrate of chloral. It was supposed that the long search of years for a perfect hypnotic and sedative, which would successfully woo the goddess sleep to come into close contact with the wakeful sufferer, which should by its touch charm away care and pain, had been successful; but nothing, perhaps, promised more or has accomplished less than this much lauded agent. A hypnotic and pure nervous sedative that should rapidly and easily accomplish its mission and yet carry in its wake no reaction, whose use should be attended without harm, which should give a sound night's sleep with no headache in the morning, which should have no deleterious action upon any of the vital centers, such an aid would indeed be a boon to humanity.

How often do we walk down Wall street or State street, how often do we go into court and in the face of the judge upon the bench or the lawyer who pleads at the bar, how often when we attend a congress or meeting of men eminent in their professions to-day, of any class or kind, do we perceive the tendency to locomotor ataxia, to nervous prostration, to that chronic and constant weariness which is something far more and far different from healthy fatigue, which tells the story of wakeful nights,

of cares that dog their tired lives perpetually, written with the sad pen of failing vitality into the countenances of men who ought to be merely at the summit of life's pilgrimage instead of far down its descending slope. It is to this class of men that drugs like the deadly chloral came with their wooing words of promise. Sleep "knits up the raveled sleeve of care"; but with sleep which instead of any such delightful processes in the lives of such men, leaves the raveled sleeve of care just as raveled at six o'clock in the morning as it was at ten o'clock at night, little is it to be wondered at that they long for something that would send them somewhere beyond the consciousness of their nightly weariness, were it only possible that something to find. Hence the perfect hypnotic, the harmless sedative has been the boon of boons that the skilled chemist and nervous specialist has been for years seeking so diligently in the hope of its discovery. When hydrate of chloral was first known, it seemed as though this long search was ended. In this drug we have indeed an agent that does knit up the raveled sleeve of care, but the danger is that it shall knit up also the man's life at the same time, that when the sleeve is unraveled again the life itself shall be pulled apart.

SYMPTOMS.

Well does the writer remember the enthusiasm, amounting almost to rapture, with which the discovery of this drug was hailed. It is so prompt, so speedy, so certain in its action, that the medical profession with joy believed that the great sleep controller was at last within their grasp. It had not been used long before the enthusiasm faded away into disappointment, and the rapture gave place to anxiety. This drug was found to be a thing

dangerous to handle. Its sedative action was perfect indeed, but its action upon the heart rendered it something that must be used with great care, and the oft repeated accidents, that passed under the name of heart failure, during the earlier years of the use of this drug, bore witness to its deadly efficiency as well as its therapeutic potency. It is possible to estimate with fair accuracy about what opium will do. Unless there is some marked idiosyncrasy, which usually can be estimated beforehand, the wise practitioner can judge with large degree of certainty just what he can do with the drug opium. But this subtle, insidious agent produces results which it is not always possible to estimate beforehand, and which have so many dangerous features that the physician who uses it extensively is never free from a certain amount of apprehension. He must combat its sedative action by stimulants that must get in their work before the deadly sedative can take full hold of the cardiac centers. Like its cousin and compeer, the equally efficient but equally deadly chloroform, it will, by one touch of its deadly finger, quench the life springs before danger is apparent at all.

MODE OF ACTION.

In the chloral habitue we have a different man from the opium eater or the cocaine fiend. The opium eater is buoyed up and then sails along on the surface of a fairly placid sea; the cocaine eater goes into the air like a sky-rocket, and comes down about as suddenly, and the light is out of the rocket before it strikes the earth; the man in the chloral habit is simply happily stupid. His hallucinations, if he has them, do not possess the intensity of reality subjectively to those that come to man from cocaine.

His reverie is not even of the active character of the earlier stages of morphia. He sinks into the arms of a companion that soothes but does not oppress, and the soft, gently waving fan of passive, not active, ecstasy is sweetly waved before the activities of his life. The opium eater becomes a man oppressed and surrounded with an iron hopelessness; the cocaine habitue becomes in time a wildly incoherent maniac; the chloral votary gently descends, but certainly, the steps toward imbecility. "*Facilis descensus*" is more completely true of his descent than of any of the others. The opium eater takes the steps downward realizing where he is going; the cocaine fiend marches down the same incline, and part of the time, at least, he does not much care whither the steps lead; the devotee of chloral walks along the descending pathway, and the stairs are so softly carpeted that his footfall is inaudible even to himself, and he walks along so gently that his face is covered with a meaningless and imbecile smile even when he has nearly reached the portal of the chloral disciples' hell. Not long since, the writer followed along the course of a chloral habitue's experience, whose experience was quite a typical one. This patient had used the three drugs in combination, or which ever one of the three he could most easily secure at the time; often all three together, using chloral to the extent of producing its peculiar manifestations. There was present upon his countenance something of the hopelessness of the opium eater, a degree of the wildness of the cocaine user, and, in addition, that which is peculiarly the possession of the chloral habitue, that half idiotic smile, that vacancy of expression which is unaware of its own meaninglessness, and which makes the physician instantly say as he looks upon him,

"You have come too late. There is not mind or brain enough left in your organization to do anything with at all." In its completeness of action the drug chloral steals away the brains of its votaries with more entireness, perhaps, than any of the others of the category. Opium, with ironical generosity, leaves enough of the mental equipment of its disciple to give him at least conscience enough to lend an edge to his remorse; nor is his consciousness of the outer world without or the subjective world within so disturbed that life is largely a blank. The bridge between his inner and outer world is indeed painted black, but the bridge is there. Cocaine throws its devotee from one kind of life to another so rapidly that he neither known nor cares whether there is any bridge at all. Chloral smothers the working of the whole mental machinery under its downy pillows of intellectual nonentity. To look upon from without, a chloral habitue is a miserable specimen of a man; viewed from his experience within, his life, and perhaps his death, are free from many of those tormenting features that constitute the later forms of agony, by means of which opium stretches its victim upon its final racks. Here again, however, we are met by something of a similar paradox to that which greets us, indeed, along the whole line of these enslaving drugs and their action.

POSSIBILITIES OF CURE.

No matter how badly wrecked the system may be, no matter how much the waters may have seemingly been drawn away from the foundations of life's holiest and deepest energies, provided no organic disease lurks behind the drug action in itself, remove the cause and you can with almost complete effect rejuvenate the man. The

chloral habitue's friends need not despair of him; the chloral eater himself rarely despairs of himself, because he has not brain enough left to produce the emotion of despair or anything else. The chloral habit, while deadly so long as it lasts, is far more susceptible of cure than the opium habit, and somewhat more so than that of cocaine. Under the Bellinger treatment, no case of chloral addiction, no matter to what extent it may have been carried, unless the entire structure of the nervous organism has been completely changed, need take more than a few weeks to cure. With marvelous celerity, the remedy attacks the manifestations caused by the drug and the peculiar action of the drug itself, and the drooling imbecile or seeming idiot of the first few days of treatment soon becomes again the bright-eyed, intelligent-looking man that he was in his day of pristine health and vigor. More rapidly do the symptoms caused by the poison disappear than in perhaps any one of the others of these deadly drugs. This is such a fugitive acting agent, so passing in its effect, that the treatment takes it in its grip so strongly and beneficently that in a very, very short period the chloral dream fades out of his life and he is disturbed by this dark mirage of the soul no longer. With weakness changing into strength, with imbecility passing into intelligence, with the whole category of repulsive symptoms stealing out of a man's life as the hyena deserts a battle field upon the approach of man, in like manner are chloral and all its deadly work driven out of its home among the chambers of men's mental organization and the breezes of renewed and generous life sweep once more through all its corridors.

THE HASHISH HABIT.

"This is mere madness, and thus awhile the fit will work on him."—*Hamlet*.

"I wonder he's so simple to trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers."—*Richard III*.

CHAPTER V.

THE HASHISH HABIT.

This weird and mysterious intoxicant until very recently was little known in the United States. Its home was in the Orient, and the temperament of the east seemed necessary in order to be the recipient of its peculiar and specific effect. Cannabis Indica, or Indian hemp, is a drug whose unique and peculiar features are, even to-day, imperfectly apprehended. More even than is the case with the hydrate of chloral, are its effects unstable, uncertain, fugitive, remote, difficult to be grasped in some of their features. Of this drug more interrogation points may be used, or around it may be massed than any other drug known, perhaps, in all the list of agents of this class. The hashish intoxication is, by its votaries, considered the divinest thing that earth contains. Dumas in Monte Cristo, Bayard Taylor in his well known article of thirty years ago or more, have made the effects of this drug known to the reading public of to-day. The opium joint is spreading all over the country, the manufacture of the hypodermic syringe is steadily increasing every year, the sale of cocaine, not to the medical profession, but to its habitues, is something that goes on augmenting from decade to decade; but, while the hashish joint is not unknown, its votaries are comparatively few in America.

FEATURES.

This drug, in some of its features, more resembles the action of cocaine than any of the others with which this world has yet had to do. Some of its effects are very

similar to those of cocaine itself; others are almost diametrically opposed to it. The sensations of each are in a degree similar, but, while cocaine mounts to the brain with intense rapidity and evaporates like a summer cloud, hashish seems to remain latent in the system, producing absolutely no effect at all, so far as the user can discern himself or as to any manifestation of effect that can be discerned upon him. Then, having once taken hold upon the system, its effects are nearly as permanent as to the time of the effects of a single dose as those of opium. This drug seems to be a direct nervous stimulant. It differs very materially in its results upon different temperaments, but upon most organizations its effects are limited to its stimulant action, its hypnotic or sedative properties being, in very many actions, hardly visible at all. The hashish votary lives in a dreamland, whose colors are not somber like those of opium, or wild and neutral like those of chloral, or evanescent like those of cocaine, but the interior firmament, the whole sky of the man is lit up with lurid colors. The phantasmagoria of his fancies gleam and burn with a blaze of all the colors of heaven, often passing into the more lurid ones of hell. The clouds in the sky of the hashish eater's mind have no silver lining, but their edges and center are painted with flashing scarlet and deep, full crimson.

An experience that once occurred to the writer himself gives, perhaps, as vivid an idea as can be given of the properties of this drug. Once, while passing down the leading business street in Baltimore, I saw upon a sign above my head, "Gungawalla Candy, Hashish Candy." I purchased a box of the candy and, while waiting with two or three medical friends at the Eutaw House in Baltimore,

determined that I would by experiment upon myself test the power of this drug. I took a full dose at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. For a period of three hours no effect was discerned at all. Upon going in to dinner the drug took hold of the system and manifested its peculiar witchery with scarcely prelude or warning. I remarked to the friends sitting by me at the table, "It is undoubtedly here a day of jubilee or of something in the way of celebration. You perceive that the tables are set with golden plate, that the waiters all seem to be dressed in velvet costumes, and that hundreds of canary birds are singing in gilded cages. It must be a celebration of a good deal of magnitude, as the many bands of martial and orchestral music seem all to be playing at once." A double consciousness seemed established. I seemed to be sitting at the table with friends, and yet to be somewhere else. I remarked to a friend as I took a glass of water in my hand, "Singular, that seems to be the hand of somebody else." The glass of water could be raised to the lips, showing that the connection between the brain and the motor nerves was not severed or discontinued, but the hand that raised the glass of water seemed to belong to the body of some one else. At the conclusion of the meal I remarked that it would be necessary for them to send in servants with a Sedan chair, that it would be impossible for them or for me to traverse that enormous distance without frequent spells of resting. The sense of disturbance and infinite extension of time which comes to the morphine habitue upon the attempt at abandonment of his drug, reversing the shortening of the hours that were given to him as one of the gifts in the heart of the deadly poppy, that sense of extension of time, so tormenting then, was met while

under the thralldom of hashish, only, instead of being intensely disagreeable, it was thrillingly pleasant. Space also seemed extended in all ways. The distance across of the room seemed, instead of steps, to be miles. Everything was transfigured, but, in these earlier stages, transfigured in the way of glorification. Then, without cause or reason, occurred a long fit of laughter. There seemed a perception of the ludicrous, but upon what that perception rested it was impossible to say. As time passed on, these earlier symptoms were interspersed with others that were fearful in their suggestiveness. While the consciousness of identity remained and the realization of connection with the outside world was not lost, there came an appalling apprehension of impending death. Some cold, grisly specter, unseen but felt, seemed coming more and more steadily toward the vital centers of life. This, too, gradually passed away and was succeeded by several hours of dreamless and refreshing slumber. During the next two or three days, the only result noticeable was an occasional twinge of the nerves, similar to that which would be produced by the sudden application of a powerful electric battery, a pang of darting pain, intense but evanescent, and these symptoms as they disappeared, became merged into the normal actions of life.

This isolated experience gives a glimpse of the way in which this mighty drug destroys its devotees. The nervous system of the hashish eater soon yields to the intense assaults upon the nervous centers. Paralysis, a complete wreckage of the power of nervous co-ordination and of that self-poise which enables the man to meet the emergencies and calls of life, are so interfered with that the votary of hashish soon finds his place absent among

the tasks and duties of life. Far more rapidly than opium, with almost the celerity of cocaine, with nothing like the soothing effect of chloral, the hashish eater rushes onward to his doom. His aching and tormented nerves find no method or haven of relief but in repeated doses of the same subtle poison.

In the comparatively few cases with which we are called upon to deal, the Bellinger remedy reinstates the shipwrecked votary of Cannabis Indica. It takes a somewhat longer time to restore the exhausted nervous system of the hashish eater to its normal condition, but the results are equally certain. In this, as in all other forms of enslavement from the bondage producing drugs, the cure is only a matter of time. Let the votary of hashish be brought under the dominion of the Bellinger cure, and neither his trembling limbs, his shaking hands or his exhausted reservoir of nervous vitality will long stand in the way of his complete rehabilitation.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION—ITS CAUSES, ITS
MANIFESTATIONS, ITS CURE.

“Sick now, droop now; this sickness doth infect the very
life blood of our enterprise.”—*Henry IV.*

“His siege is now against the mind, the which he pricks
and wounds with many legions of strange fantasies.—*King John.*

CHAPTER VI.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION—ITS CAUSES, ITS MANIFESTATIONS, ITS CURE.

In classic story the statue of Janus was said to have two faces. So some words that from constant iteration have become familiar to our ears have not two faces merely, but many. Two such words are they which head this chapter. Nervous prostration. What is it? That were a question not so far removed from the inquiry, What is a rose? There are many kinds of roses; there are diverse and manifold answers to this significant question. Nervous prostration! Does that mean the lassitude and the languor which meet and are part of the daily life of the man whose vital expenditure has exceeded his vital income? Nervous prostration! Does that mean the man and the man's condition who woos through many nights the goddess sleep in vain? Nervous prostration! Does that mean the man whose wonted powers, whose usual easy yet firm grasp upon the business of his life suddenly falter, who finds his head confused while adding up the column of figures along which his eye and mind used to run as easily as the boy who runs along the well known path across the fields? Does it mean the failure of appetite, the distaste for exertion, the longing for that repose either of body or of mind which he finds it well nigh impossible to obtain? Does it mean that sudden access of irritability of disposition, of variableness of temper, of outbreak of spleen in the man whose serene habit and well poised conduct had long made him the admiration, if not

the envy, of his friends? Does it mean those subtle or more occult symptoms that make him wonder with a chill of apprehension what is coming next? Does it mean that total revolution of the preferences and motives of life, which change the man so thoroughly that you almost find yourselves wishing that he had passed from earth the friend you knew and loved of other days? Does it mean that sudden halt to all the powers of life, when the strong man drops upon the floor of his office or his study and is unconscious for minutes or for hours? It includes all these, and a long category of other symptoms and exhibitions of its presence which, were they enumerated ever so carefully, would leave others in the catalogue still unclassified.

Nervous prostration, like heart failure, is a word which, like that other word, charity, covereth not a multitude of sins, but a multitude of ills, of infirmities, of weird and many-sided exhibitions of some change that has gone deep into the heart of man's life and experience. It is a word that in modern life meets you well nigh every day. Your friend of the ruddy cheek, of the firm grasp of hand, of the quick-coming smile, of the sure, accurate judgment, meets you with pallid face and shaking fingers, with a woe-begone expression of countenance, with haggard eye and cheek. What is the matter? Nervous prostration. The mother whose well ordered household, whose bright-eyed family move the admiration of all who come into that pleasant family circle grows careless in her home, unresponsive even to the touch of the baby fingers that once were the plectrum that played upon the strings of her heart as the fingers of the night wind touch those of the Eolian harp. What does all this mean? Nervous

prostration. The banker or man of large affairs, who has handled large issues as the quick witted school boy handles his daily task, grows timorous, loses touch upon the great business world which he used to look in the face with a smile of confidence. The affairs of the bank become tangled, investments are made which show a terrible want of judgment, if not an absolute incomprehension to realize the ups and downs of the financial world. What is the explanation of it all? Nervous prostration. The minister in his pulpit, the trustee in his pew, the church officer in his holy duty of Christian activity, the chaste woman, the tablets of whose soul were like the crystal ice or the placid water, shows a deterioration of spirit, a change of moral character, hating what once was loved, loving what once was hated, sometimes conscious of the change, crying out as did the great apostle of old, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" With blanched faces and faltering accents friends raise the sad inquiry: "Where does it all portend? What is its fearful significance?" Again the sad reply, nervous prostration. Along this line of weary interrogation the questions to be raised, the answers that could be given, seemingly almost endless, and again and again the one pertinent but terrible answer: Nervous prostration.

The skilled specialist goes back to the distant past, looks through the ever extending present, studies with ceaseless vigilance the human system in all its possible modes of abnormal combination to find means to take the sadness out of this question and answer, that, linked together, form a fetter that manacles the fairest developments of the human life, to see if something of the sound dirge and of despair can be taken from these two words

that specialist and physician, that society itself, have come so to dread, these two words, nervous prostration. All the resources of experience, all the possibilities of science, have been epitomized, gathered together: Sanitarium, rest cure, mind cure, faith cure, prayer cure, everything that promised relief or offered consolation to this ceaseless interrogatory has been called into play to lighten the burden of darkness contained in these two words, nervous prostration. The pathologist seeks to find the structural change either of nerve cell or of fiber in whose hidden recesses the causes of these two words are found to dwell, searching with microscope and with stethoscope and with everything that enables us to read the secrets of the human body, to see if these two words can be driven from their menacing attitude toward the brightest and the best that the civilization of to-day produced and contained. A perfect cure for nervous prostration must depend on what science reveals to us respecting its cause. If it be change in one way or another of that subtle thing we term the nervous system, what is that thing, in what way is the nervous current impeded or deflected, in what manner is the nervous system itself thrown into abnormal action or changed in interior construction?

Here again we need not close this chapter by leaving an interrogation point only as its last word. With the protean forms of this manifold disease, the Bellinger cure has successfully grappled. With all those exhibitions of shattered energy, of want of power, out of which spring those symptoms that the thousands of sufferers have learned so to dread, this potent yet gentle remedy successfully grapples. Taking the springs of nervous action as the beginning of its beneficent working, it constantly

holds them in its open hand of relief. The nervous sufferer, who cannot rise in the morning without dropping a tear upon the wearied pillow that has known so few hours of slumber, who looks out with affrighted face upon the duties and tasks of the day, the strong man who bursts into tears attempting to tie his necktie, the delicate woman who can scarcely find energy to arise to greet her husband's bright welcome to the new born morning or the little prattler's broken words of love, finds in this potent ally a sure and effectual relief, and among all its paths of beneficent progress there is none that promises a surer and sweeter consolation than its power to assuage this latest form of the developments and resultants of civilized life. To all nervous sufferers this peerless remedy stands with face of invitation, with hands extended in invitation of mercy, making no promises that it does not fulfill, but bidding them bid farewell to all that hath vexed and harassed their wearied lives.

OPIUM SMOKING.

“I would not spend another such a night though ’twere to
buy a world of happy days.”—*Richard III.*

CHAPTER VII.

OPIUM SMOKING.

Were this volume to be read merely by those victims of the drug disease who dwell upon the Atlantic coast, this chapter would almost be one of supererogation. The opium joint, although familiar to Boston, to New York and to our eastern cities, is, however, not met with with the openness and the frequency, and it does not number its votaries by the scores and hundreds as in the cities of the Pacific coast or the metropolitan centers of the west.

The opium den, as it is called (and rightly), is not an attractive place for one whose senses are not lulled into almost cessation of action by the fumes of the drug, any more than the subject is a specially delightful one to any but those who with eagerness are looking for release, and who find by its perusal that they may secure it. Your opium smoker is a peculiar product of modern humanity. The man who uses morphine hypodermically takes his syringe from his pocket, throws the solution Magendie into his arm, puts away his syringe and goes about his business again; the man who takes laudanum, morphia, or any one form or other of the drug opium itself, takes his dose with more or less frequency and spends upon it but a few moments of time; the opium smoker, however, must make a business of it; he must be content to spend long hours, either of the day or night, or both, in seeking that effect which the hypodermic syringe or the slower vehicle of the stomach gives in a comparatively short time. An opium den is a strange place. Upon a log in mid stream,

where the waters of the river have suddenly flooded the country, you will sometimes see a black man and a white man, a dog and a cat, even a wild beast, a leopard or a panther, all riding together upon their slender raft of safety, and looking, if not amicably, at least without malignancy into each other's eyes. The opium den brings about results not so very dissimilar. Here the cultured woman of society, the opium smoker *par excellence*, whose system is as saturated as his pipe, the Chinaman, the laborer and 'longshoreman, the young man in society, all herd in nerveless companionship together. The pipe is the only thing that seems to be an object very much worthy their attention. You will often, in an opium joint, find yourself in a place where you could buy the entire furniture for \$2.50 and then find that you had expended \$2 too much in your purchase, but oftentimes you will find, in this strangely assorted room, one or more of the opium smokers inhaling the drug through a pipe worth \$100. By some strange satire upon society, if not humanity, most of these opium joints, or a large proportion of them, are kept by Chinamen. Our modern ideals of treaty obligation, which wished to scrutinize with so much more intentness of scrutiny that which comes from the west than the east, lest they should bring us harm, are met by the somewhat ironical fact that the sons and daughters of American culture find the servants who gratify their hours of solace with the opium pipe in the willing services of the Chinaman.

The opium used in these so-called places of pleasure is by no means the opium that you buy at the drug store. It must be cooked, and the cooking of opium is narcotic high art, just the right degree of consistency that it may be

wrapped deftly and rapidly around the long needle at whose point it is held and submitted to the flame of the little lamp which consumes its more volatile portions, leaving them to pass along the yellow avenue of the pipe and into the perhaps nearly as yellow structure of the bronchial tubes and pulmonary cells of the opium votary, leaving the product, Yen She, to be again used by the opium lovers who cannot afford to use anything else.

Opium smoking, for a man accustomed to the action of the hypodermic syringe, seems a slow mode of relief. One bright American young man who became addicted to this form of opium bondage told the writer that in order to get the relief which his dulled system found necessary, he was compelled to use forty long draws a day, and the forty long draws consumed the major portion of the twenty-four hours. Opium smoking produces a peculiar yellow pallor of complexion, somewhat different from that of the victims of other forms of addiction to this drug, and seems to produce a peculiar dulling of the faculties, which, if not different in kind, is somewhat different in degree from that experienced by those who use it in other forms. Otherwise, its effects upon the human system do not seem to differ very perceptibly from those of any other of its modes of access.

So far as its cure is concerned, it is more amenable to treatment than almost any other form of addiction. Your opium smoker does not seem to be in the grasp of so relentless a grip of this peculiar demon, as a man who has used it for long years hypodermically. He may be a duller man when he begins treatment, but he ends it more quickly. The Bellinger cure for opium smoking is as complete as for other forms of the drug, and he soon finds

his pipe no longer necessary and can lay it away upon the shelf as a memento, if not a warning, of his old days of seeming pleasure and actual bondage.

ILLUSTRATIVE CASES.

"If he be credulous and trust my tale, I'll make him glad."
—*Taming of the Shrew.*

CHAPTER VIII.

ILLUSTRATIVE CASES.

This chapter is intended to exhibit the action and illustrate the mode of working of the drug habit as exhibited upon the temperament of different individuals. It is a great mistake to suppose that opium or any of these bondage producing drugs affect all persons alike. The nervous temperament will exhibit most prominently a certain class of symptoms; the phlegmatic man will present others of a different kind. There is a sub-stratum of effect common to greater or less degree in them all, but these drugs have Protean forms of manifestation, and it is the aim of this chapter to exhibit, in this concrete and personified way, their action upon different human systems.

Case No. 1.—This young man, Mr. S., resided in Council Bluffs, Iowa, in the year 1886. He was taking morphia to the extent of fifteen grains a day hypodermically. The period of his addiction extended over about four years. One evening, because of being witness to an assault, with which he was in no way personally connected, he was placed under arrest, and detained at the station house until morning that he might give his testimony in this case. The usual hour for his taking his evening dose was about nine o'clock. Never having before been placed in circumstances where he could not obtain it, he did not realize the condition that he was in until along into the hours of the night. Upon the appearance of these symptoms of dread, he entreated the officers to send for Dr. Bellinger; but they, not wishing to take the trouble or not realizing the necessity of the

case, put him off with some evasive reply and did not do so. Along toward the hours of early morning, a carriage whirled rapidly to the doctor's house with the peremptory message that he come at once to the jail. This young man, of magnificent physique, fine presence, in the stress of the opium agony, had violently hurled his face against the sharp corners of the iron bars of the cell, torn the flesh into fragments and was found in convulsions upon the floor. Dr. Bellinger, upon being sent for, gave him a large dose of morphia and bound up his wounds as best he could. In the morning, when daylight dawned and the activities of the day began, he called for a mirror, took one look at his disfigured and distorted countenance, realizing that it was maimed for life, deliberately took a knife that happened to be in his possession, and with one stroke ended his earthly career. This case is given to illustrate the terrible stress of agony to which abstinence from opium will speedily reduce the victim of the drug, and the terrible dangers incident to one ignorant upon this subject having to deal with such a constitution in such a critical hour.

Case No. 2.—This case also happened in Council Bluffs in the year 1888, in the experience of Dr. Bellinger himself. This was a case in which large quantities of opium and whisky were consumed by the same individual, a somewhat rare combination, as the one drug usually so permeates the system that the other stimulant is neither required nor desired. In this case there were symptoms of actual mania. Dr. Bellinger entered the man's cell to endeavor to quiet the man's system and give him sleep. The man refused to take his medicine and grappled with the doctor himself in a grip that was for life or death. The jailor's wife, recognizing the condition

of things, threw the door open and enabled the doctor for an instant to make his escape from the man's cell, until the efforts of three men had put manacles upon his wrists and prevented him doing farther harm. This case is illustrative of the actual aberration of faculty, of the actual presence of distorted and disordered brain action that sometimes make their appearance at the end of a very short period, even, of abstinence.

Case No. 3 also occurred at Council Bluffs in the year 1888. This was the case of a man actually cured of the habit, but from sheer lack of interest in life, the foundations of life's anticipations all for him seemingly run dry, he lapsed into the use of the drug to a certain extent, and there was developed a form of emotional insanity that resulted in several attempts at suicide. With diabolic cunning the man hid his morphia powders between the pillows of his bed, and upon the very first opportunity took them into his system. Then, endeavoring to act in his natural manner to deceive those around him, he said to the doctor when he arrived, "I think, doctor, I have got the better of you now." Not many hours after the uttering of those words, death dropped the curtain. This case is illustrative of the way in which the drug will sap the foundations of all life's interests, so that the sufferer no longer cares to retain existence that seems to him absolutely worthless.

Illustration No. 4.—This illustration is given to include several cases of the way in which the drug acts upon the temperaments of different men, so that, while taking similar doses and while being surrounded with conditions not very dissimilar in themselves these four or five men, who would differ in expression and in manner and in all

exhibition of personality only to the extent that different men do so in this world made up of all forms of individuality, illustrates the different action of the drug, producing results widely dissimilar.

The first case is the exhibition of the absolute and total wreck sometimes made by the drug and of its power to cause a man to steadily march, with accelerating step, the down-hill path of life. Mr. V. is the son of one of the most prominent statesmen of the southern states. He began the use of the drug when he was twenty years old. He had a fine education, a brain far above the average capacity, at the threshold of life standing equipped for its duties with far more entireness of equipment than very many men of his age. He took the drug steadily for a period of seventeen years, the last of these years mounting up to the enormous dose of fifty or sixty grains per day, using with it part of the time large doses of alcohol as well. This young man was ostracized from his home, had not seen his father or his mother for the period of thirteen years, was deserted by his wife and children, drifting from one northern city to another, losing hold upon one of life's incentives after another, until, at the age of thirty-seven years, he was found in one of the metropolitan cities of the east working nights as compositor in a printing office for the purpose of earning enough to keep body and soul together and to supply him with his enormous daily draughts of morphine and alcohol. Upon this man's face was written the alphabet of despair. His thoughts often turned toward the extinction of the life that seemed to him so absolutely worthless. Some writer has said that opium makes lawless people tame. This is true of some, perhaps many, people, but in instances like these it develops

every form of lawlessness and degeneracy of nature. This case came under the notice of Dr. Bellinger and in seven weeks the man was free as the air he breathed. In this case there was exhibited very prominently and markedly one characteristic feature of the Bellinger treatment which, because of this, as well as of other characteristics which it possesses, renders it peerless and solitary. As this young man passed under treatment, the old, pure, long lost moral longings and moral characteristics of his bygone youth came back to him one by one as the mountain tops come back to the vision of the traveler when the sun lifts the mist clouds away. Everything that made him the man, that caused his friends and family to cover him with their mantle of affection in the bygone years of his youth, began to stand out again, salient and visible.

The next case illustrative of this power and feature of the drug bondage was of a character almost diverse from the foregoing. A prominent physician in the state of Massachusetts had used this drug for twenty-eight long years to an amount of about thirty grains per day. During this long time he created and sustained a large, thriving medical practice among the most cultured, respectable, Christian people of a suburban town. He was a man prominent in Masonic circles, a trustee and honored officer in a large Congregational church, a man respected and beloved by all, of admitted professional skill, and in every way an honorable, Christian gentleman. This man, during all these years, was tortured by the pangs of conscience. He said to the writer of this volume that the sun never rose above his head in the morning that it did not seem to carry to him, to bring to his hopeless and shadowed life, some new admonition, some new, fresh

word of self-reproach. This gentleman had retained his professional standing, and surrounding him all these years, the guarding, saving influences of a cultured, Christian home, the unflagging and unfaltering love of a devoted wife; but conscience was all the time uttering her stern words of warning and of reproach.

The third case in this catalogue of illustrative instances is typical of the action of opium and chloral together upon the purely intellectual faculties of the mind. This was a bright young man, also a physician, a graduate of one of the leading medical colleges of the country, whose life did not exhibit the characteristics of low moral action of the young man from the south, who was not disturbed much by the stings of conscience, but whose drug experience seemed to expend itself most largely in obliterating the very intelligence of the man. When first coming under the notice of Dr. Bellinger there seemed to be little material left for the treatment to work upon. It seemed as though his very mind itself had evaporated like the morning dew. He stood and leered with idiotic smile as he endeavored to express, by meaningless, babbling words, a thought that had no coherence in its heart. The man was seemingly driven into absolute and entire mental imbecility. Within a few weeks the old brightness of the eye, the alert look of intelligence, the normal action of the mental faculties, all reasserted themselves.

In case No. 4, Mr. S., of Connecticut, we find an instance where the combination of opium and cocaine had driven a man, not only away from family and friends, or driven them away from him, but in this instance, also that of a physician of standing and repute, the man seemed to have come to a dead standstill; a pause in all of life's

activities. There was not the look of imbecility so marked upon the countenance of the last illustration, but a look of dull vacancy, as though the man had lost and never expected to find himself again.

The next case, case 5, is a marked illustration of the peculiar and unique effects of cocaine when taken singly and alone. This is a very rare instance, such cases being remarkably uncommon. In all his large experience, running up into the thousands, Dr. Bellinger himself stated to the writer that he had met but thirty or forty cases of this form. For four years this man used large quantities of cocaine hypodermically. He carried on during those four years an active, exhausting business that put no inconsiderable strain upon the inventive faculties of the mind. During the day, to outward observation, he was virtually a sane man; at night he was a man exhibiting all the traces of insanity. As soon as the cessation of business hours made it possible, he would go from his store to his home to begin his nightly experience with cocaine, taking it every half hour or less during the entire night, except during the very brief intervals in which nature gave him snatches of repose. He would spend the entire night often under the influence of hallucinations that were to him as vivid and real as any waking experience, hearing voices outside his door that seemed to his strained and tense nerves to possess all the characteristics of reality. When morning came, he would go to his place of business, and while himself often feeling that he was in an abnormal condition carry on his business in such a way that the keen eyes of those around him never noted but that the man was sane and normal.

One interesting although ludicrous feature of this man's experience was an illustration of the power of this drug in the lower animals. This man had a pet cat who was very fond of him. This animal became the victim to the cocaine habituation almost as much as the man himself. The moment that he would take his hypodermic injection of cocaine, the cat would instantly lick the place where the syringe had been inserted, and then endeavor to lap the edges of the syringe itself. She would lie upon his breast close to his mouth, where she could inhale his breath, and then would fall from the bed to the floor, exhibiting all the symptoms of cocaine intoxication. The animal, as well as the man, passed the night in this state of hallucination. She would look with glaring eye balls into vacancy and throw herself into a position indicating fear and terror, and upon being deprived of the drug would manifest the same or similar uneasiness as would the man himself.

This experience was once repeated in different form by some friends of the writer himself. They threw a hypodermic injection into the neck of a dog for weeks, and the animal exhibited all the forms of the opium disease. He would come and beg, with all the canine's power of begging, for the administration of the sedative drug, and upon receiving it would go and lie down and exhibit all the characteristics of the opium eater's dream. Upon being deprived of the drug he would manifest the same symptoms of uneasiness and depression that the opium eater himself would exhibit under like conditions.

Case 6 in this catalogue of illustrative cases is an exhibition of the power of small quantities of the drug to produce results on the system in some respects more diffi-

cult to overcome than those of much larger doses. This young man, Mr. T., was a resident of one of the metropolitan cities of New England, who had been in the habit for some years of taking the comparatively small quantity of two grains of morphia per day hypodermically, taking it at brief intervals during the day in doses of a quarter or a fifth of a grain at a time. Any one reasoning without the experience which comes from long treatment of such cases would say that this young man's case would be a very easy one to treat. The young man from the south with his sixty grains per day, the physician who had for twenty-eight years taken thirty grains per day, even the case of the gentleman using the combination of morphia and cocaine, or of morphia and chloral, all proved more amenable to treatment than this one case using these small quantities of the drug, the reason doubtless lying in the fact that instead of taking doses of sufficient quantity and power to quench the action of the nervous system entirely and hold it in absolute quietude for a time, these small doses kept it in a continual condition of irritation which rendered it necessary to take a much longer time and use of every resource of skill with great ingenuity to effect his liberation.

The question is often asked, "What is the most difficult and what the least difficult form, so far as treatment is concerned and the kind or features of inconvenience of liberation, in which morphia or any of these drugs can be used?" The test of experience has pretty well settled that, of all modes of habituation, the use of the hypodermic syringe produces results upon the system that are worse in character than any other mode of its use. The sudden, almost shock-like action of the drug when taken

in this form, is more intense than when used through the channels of mouth and stomach. The hypodermic habitue taking twenty grains of morphia per day for ten years is almost invariably a more difficult subject for treatment than a man who has used thirty grains by the stomach alone. Following the use of the hypodermic syringe, as to deleterious results, comes the use of morphia by the mouth, next the taking of gum opium or of laudanum by the stomach; fourth, the smoking of opium, and fifth, the use of Yen She, the residuum of the opium bowl when the opium smoker has exhausted his pipe. This black, powder-like-looking residuum is termed Yen She, and its use is largely confined to the Pacific slope. Taking this standard of difficulty and time, provided the system is free from complications of organic disease independent of and separate from the opium disease itself, the Bellinger treatment will cure, without pain or suffering, a typical case of hypodermic use of morphia in from four to six weeks, a case of morphia by the mouth in virtually the same time but possibly a little less, cases of opium by the mouth, laudanum or opium smoking, in from three to five weeks, and cases of Yen She habit in from three to four weeks. Contrary to impression, patients using morphia and cocaine together, while experiencing a worse wreckage of the system during the period of addiction, owing to both drugs working their destroying results simultaneously, will be cured somewhat more speedily than when using opium alone.

The former surgeon general of the United States army, Dr. Wm. H. Hammond, makes the statement that there is, strictly, no such thing as the cocaine habit. In the sense in which the doctor made the statement, this is

probably true. It is exceedingly doubtful, at any rate medical investigation has not yet demonstrated, that cocaine produces structural change of the nervous system, its effect being so evanescent that it is largely expended in functional action upon the terminal nerves. There is, however, what is termed the cocaine tolerance, whereby the system learns to tolerate this deadly drug, thereby rendering it possible to take enormous doses by the habitue who accustoms himself to its action.

Sometimes instances will be met, although they are comparatively rare, of use of morphia or laudanum by vaginal or rectal injections, by the use of rectal suppositories. Not infrequently cocaine is taken through an atomizer by being inhaled into nostrils. But in whatever modes the habit may commence, the habitue who is addicted to these habits for any great length of time usually settles down and ends his period of addiction by the use of the drugs either by the mouth or the hypodermic syringe.

Some differences are met with in the specific effects of these drugs upon the different sexes. Opium, for instance, almost always lessens, if it does not entirely extinguish, the sexual passion in men. It is quite likely to produce the exactly opposite effect in women. In men and women both, the use of opium or morphia is pretty sure to produce chronic constipation, with its general accompaniment of hæmorrhoids more or less severe. Its characteristic, too, is often to suppress or render irregular the menses and catamenia in women. Thus men are almost invariably easier subjects of treatment than women under fifty years of age, the menstrual flux returning with augmented intensity and volume during or immediately following the period

of treatment. Children born during the period of opium addiction, in appearance, provided it is the father who is the opium habitue, oftentimes will exhibit little, if any, trace of the peculiar effects of the drug. The writer has seen sound and healthy children born in families of opium eaters when it was the father that was using the drug. When, however, the mother is the habitue, the child is very likely to exhibit the peculiar symptoms that follow in the wake of this deadly agent.

The writer has seen children six months old exhibit all the peculiar and specific restlessness, general appearance, nervous unrest, of the adult opium eater. These morphinized miniatures of humanity take to the soothing syrup or the dose of paregoric which is given to them to quiet their uneasiness, as the duck sails into the embrace of the waters of the lake.

One encouraging feature of the use of all these drugs is this: To a greater extent than with the reformed drunkard, more completely than with the redeemed inebriate, do all these symptoms of suffering, of terror and of dwarfing of human lives disappear when the cure is complete. Patients have crossed the threshold of the offices where the Bellinger cure was administered, with every form in which any of these drugs writes its imprint upon the human countenance of form, as visible as the sun at noon; they have left it, they have passed that threshold again within the period of a few weeks or two or three months, with every faculty of body and of mind in sound, healthy and normal action, so far as any and every test that the observation of friends, that the consciousness of self and selfhood, or that the keenest medical scrutiny could discover. The past indeed is gone. The years that lie behind these darkened

twilight lives cannot be given back. No treatment, however perfect, can hold in its beneficent palm the gift of youth or the hours that, like the falling sands in the glass, have dropped into the embrace of the past. But with all the God-endowed nature of the men, with all and every faculty that the divine arm of creative power endowed them with as the soul was called into being by the uplifted hand of God, they are all regnant and again supreme, and with them, with them all, in harmonious, and to the patients' consciousness, to the sufferers' vision, once more regnant and supreme in life, they go forth with the bow of promise that spans the arch of the years, with its pristine colors as bright and glorious. As all God's beneficence can endow them with renewed splendor of hope, they pass from the path of gloom that lies behind them into the way of promise that, with smiling beckoning, calls them to their redeemed and glorified future.

BORDER LANDS.

"What dreams may come."—*Hamlet*.

"A barren detested vale, you see it is; here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds, save what would make such fearful and confused cries, as any mortal barely hearing it should straight fall mad."—*Titus Andronicus*.

"Listen to the conclusion of the whole matter."—*Ecclesiastes*.

CHAPTER IX.

BORDER LANDS.

One leading aim of modern medical science, especially during the last quarter of a century, has been to endeavor to clear up the margins of unexplored remainders that lie about and around the horizons of disease, to get as far as possible from the imperativeness of empiricism and into the clear precision of a science that has a reason for its every action, of a treatment that knows and sees exactly what it attempts to accomplish. The old physician, with his gig and his trunk, so useful in his day, with his case full of remedies which have done this and have done that and which are administered because of his accumulation of mere individual experience, the old familiar figure of our grandfathers' days, is passing into that of the alert modern scientist, who uses remedies as an astronomer uses the instruments that pierce the sky road of the stars, or the surgeon directs with accuracy his keen-edged tools. This is the modern physician, or what he strives to be; this is the science exact, full of precision, that modern medicine is constantly attempting to become.

What would be the natural course of this disease if left to itself? Such was the sentence once uttered to the writer when beginning his medical experience, having just passed over the threshold that a man's feet walk, covered with a diploma for a carpet. What would be the natural course of this disease if left to itself? "Such," said a gray haired old practitioner, whose fame and honors lay strewn thickly round his path way, "was always the mental

query that I endeavored to keep in the foreground of my mind when entering the path of my medical life." This is a question that, like many other questions, it is sometimes easier to ask than to answer. What would be the natural history of this disease if left to itself? Could this question be answered fully and exactly, treatment would of necessity become more and more exact, definite and resultful.

On the border land of some diseases, or around its margin, the veil of mystery has not yet been entirely lifted; the haze of more or less uncertainty still remains. The borderland of these dark and tragic diseases whose course we have endeavored in this volume to follow, unfortunately is never one of doubt. Whatever may be, if left undisturbed, the natural history of pneumonia, typhoid fever, peritonitis, or many of the ills that flesh is heir to, as regards these diseases whose consideration has filled the pages of this volume, their border land, while indeed one of twilight and of a twilight unlighted by benignant star, yet shows figures amid its gloom which are as definite as menacing. The border land of opium, of cocaine, of chloral, of hashish and of alcohol, is one over whose portal may be written "*vestigia nulla retrorsum.*" Each has a fringe whose color, though inwrought with sable threads, is yet a curtain that has been lifted to a sufficient degree to enable us to see with more or less distinctness what its gloom contains. These border lands, though all looking one way, and that way not toward the dawn, are yet border lands that have distinct and varying features. The autograph written upon the heart of the wasted years of the man whose life has been expended in the endeavor to fill the never filled hand of the opium demon, is shipwreck

upon one reef; he whose life has been given to cocaine, chloral or hashish goes crashing upon another.

The border land of opium is one that ordinarily it takes the devotee longer to reach than that of any of the others. They *all* seem to keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope, yet the deception of opium is one that is usually longer masked than that of any of the others. Varying, indeed, as it does in different temperaments, yet it generally is a matter of years, often two or three decades, before its final destruction is accomplished. It produces its result with slower step than is the case with the others. The nerve changes that are produced by its constant use are so inwrought into the very structure of the entire system that their complete accomplishment is a matter of longer time. It is very seldom that the opium habitue finds his vital energies completely exhausted during the earlier years of his addiction. If the dose be held rigidly down, never mounting upward to the enormous quantities that some of its habitues have attained, the sufferer goes about the activities of life with seemingly comparatively little disturbance from its normal mode of level and function. His system seems to live upon opium as that of the healthy man upon bread and meat. To a degree it takes their place. All the structural changes of the system are accomplished more slowly. There is less waste of tissue than is going on in the system of the normal man. But all this while it is constantly doing its work. The cable may be longer or shorter, but the habitue finds, sooner or later, that he has reached its entire length. Sometimes the vital energies seem to falter suddenly, the powers to fail without much warning. Oftentimes the stomach, by either

refusing food or performing the office of digestion with difficulty, hangs out the danger signal of a faltering system. Often it is a peculiar disturbance of sleep that gives warning of the coming end, though not in the weird dreams so forcefully and appallingly depicted by De Quincey.

Could the testimony of the immense army of opium eaters be taken, it would be found, I suspect, that these come to comparatively few. Early in the morning, the victim, instead of waking to a sound and healthy recognition of his waking life and his place in the world around him, passes from sleep into a seemingly epileptiform condition, accompanied often by more or less of convulsive action. He may suddenly lose consciousness while performing some accustomed task and regain it only after the lapse of hours; and when, by stimulation, the heart has been forced to its wonted action again, memory is often found to fail, familiar words pass from the victim's mental grasp, the power of consecutive thought is largely modified, sometimes almost entirely disappears. In the midst of a sentence the sufferer forgets the subject about which he is talking, and with a look of bewilderment often comes to a pause. These are among the later symptoms that indicate that the stunted and starved nerve cell, the clogged and impeded nerve fiber can no longer carry on the mental energies of life. A pile of material is dumped along the path of the railroad along which the trains of thought run, bringing the whole machinery to a standstill. "The last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history," is not, indeed, the second childhood with which life often ends, but a condition of bewildered thought, of reluctant energies that can no longer be spurred and goaded to their once so easily performed duty by the stimulation of the deadly poison. When this state is reached, the end is

near. Some morning the watchful eyes that have for years turned their look of interrogation upon the sufferer as their earliest morning effort, find that the convulsive tremors, the distorted countenance, are peaceful and still. Opium has done its work. This subtle poison has bestowed its last Judas kiss, and the opium votary has found the only rest which he has expected for years, the rest whose silence is unbroken, the dreamless sleep of the grave.

The border land of cocaine is one which is reached much sooner. Its lurid flag is flashed before the vision of the cocaine habitue almost as soon as he enters his path of bondage. Indeed, scientists have seriously raised the question whether, strictly speaking, there is any cocaine *habit* at all. Its effects are so evanescent, its illusions so transitory, it seems to enter and leave the human system with such celerity, that apparently it finds hardly time to produce those more lasting and constant features to be met with along the course of opium. Cocaine is a direct nervous stimulant. It seems to play with the nerves as a football player does with the ball, kicking it into the air and watching its downward course to the earth again. The hallucinations which are one of the two or three most prominent features of this drug, are reached almost immediately. Its use, for a few weeks even, will push the habitue into a life in which the distinction between the real and the unreal becomes confused and dim almost from the start. To experience the effects of this drug with any degree of continuance, the votary must repeat his deadly dose at intervals of such short duration that the jangle and tangle of the mental powers are met almost immediately. They are produced with little pause. The sudden drop, so called, of the nervous system, which the cocaine votary learns so well and dreads so fearfully, is something that

meets him almost upon the entrance into what he deems his lurid land of delight; hence, your cocaine habitue, if he permits this drug to continue, without abatement, its specific action, becomes a man whose doom rises before him almost before he has lost the echoes of his old normal life. The hallucinations sometimes follow him for hours, even when the agent that produced them is withheld from the system. There comes with this drug, and comes very rapidly also, a loss of power of co-ordination over the muscles; in other words, he cannot handle himself. He does not stagger in the way that the drunkard staggers, or reel like the inebriate through the streets. There is more of method in the cocaine madness. Each set of muscles seems to act independently of the other. The arms will be waving in different directions. One leg will seem to be endeavoring to move in opposition to the other one. It becomes a matter of great difficulty with him to insert the needle of his hypodermic syringe into the bottle of cocaine solution, because he cannot hold his muscles still long enough to do it. An apprehensive tremor seems to pervade not only his mental but his physical life as well. He will sit down in a chair and look all around him with anxious scrutiny as though he feared some unseen enemy were about to attack him from behind. He will hear voices whose tones are as real as those that strike upon the aural nerve when the actual sound waves are produced in the atmosphere. The voice will be recognized. It will repeat one sentence over and over for hours. He seems to live in a waking dream, and yet the waking is sometimes confused with the dream and the dream with the waking. He sometimes feels that the unreal voices are the real ones, and the real ones are the unreal ones. Such terrific disturbance of the life centers, of course, cannot continue long. Hence,

insanity is not only the certain, but speedy end of the cocaine victim. One or two years is usually sufficient to land him in the insane asylum, and if, by exceptional strength of constitution, of vigor of brain, he eludes the issue, it is only pushing it off a little longer. Insanity of a strange and fearful type is always held fast in the grip of the cocaine demon, and he presents it as his last fateful gift to his victim. No more dreadful sight can be imagined than the last days and weeks of the cocaine sufferer's border land. It is written all over with fateful characters, every syllable of which should contain admonitions of warning. The cocaine victims are increasing so rapidly that it will be a mercy if this picture of the border land of this hateful drug shall be seen by them before they pass the threshold of its use.

One who has ever looked upon the countenance of the chloral habitue will need little amplification of the suggestions of that one lesson to place before his mental vision the border land of this deceitful drug. The expression "steal away a man's brains," though applicable to many agents that man has found to produce the result of intoxication, is so peculiarly applicable to none of them as to the hydrate of chloral. It never makes a fiend of a man. It will not, on the other hand, allow him, as does opium, to deceive himself for years that he is pursuing with fair success, and with, perhaps, little apparent disturbance, the normal activities of life. It begins its action speedily, nor does it delay its end long. Imbecility is the motto of chloral. The evaporating, the obliterating, the utter quenching of those virile energies and stalwart mental faculties which most fully make up the photograph of strong and helpful and masterful manhood, the chloral will gently, quietly, but always successfully steal

away from a man, one by one, so that at the border land which marks the end of its power and effect there is little left in him worth stealing. The man has become a babbling, chattering, meaningless imbecile, his mental and physical stature pitifully broken into fragments. Perhaps—and the perhaps is probably a strong hypothesis—the chloral habitue does not himself suffer the agonies of the opium fiend or the cocaine maniac, but as a pitiful, fearful object to look upon, the man who has entered the border land of chloral is one whose power of pathos and all that moves the pity of a human heart it would be found difficult to equal in searching through the entire field of shipwrecked human lives.

The border land of hashish more nearly resembles that of cocaine than that of any other single drug, and yet it has its points of dissimilarity. When taken into the system, it often, indeed usually, remains latent for a longer or shorter period before exerting its full power, so its destructive products are not so quickly seen. It acts upon the faculties of the human intellect along something the same line as cocaine, but it holds these faculties in thralldom longer. Your hashish eater becomes a man in whose mental vision the line between the normal and the abnormal, while quite as great as in the cocaine habitue, yet has greater distinctness. Physically the hashish votary soon becomes a wreck; mentally he holds his balance, while not under the influence of the drug, longer than does the victim of cocaine. Among the latter features which are upon the threshold of this border land there are paralysis, the total effacement of all power over the nerves of motion, a complete inability of the will to rouse any response from their jaded filaments. Madness of a more continuous kind than that of the cocaine habitue is the lot

of the hashish eater. Its strokes are stronger as to the effect of each single one than those of cocaine. Cocaine is a stiletto that stabs a man with oft repeated touch; hashish is a Damascus blade which, while it does not smite so often, cuts to the very life when its blows are given.

The border land of alcohol is one whose labyrinths have been trodden by so many feet, whose paths have been so much more thoroughly explored than the border land of most of the drugs with which we have been dealing in this volume, that there needs to be said less than that relating to any of them. The end of the drunkard is something that has been depicted by the drama, by poetry, by prose, and that has been written into the very texture of the souls of its victims and those whose lives were by ties of kinship and of affection most intimately interblended with them. Delirium tremens is something that is no longer a mystery, either in the way of experience or of the depicting of its experiences to any whose observation of human life has extended beyond the circle of their own selves. How the drunkard lives and how the drunkard dies are both pictures that are too well known, too frequently seen, to need extended notice here. The border land of intemperance is a border land where despair and suffering reign supreme. Into its shadow land go thousands of feet who never meant, who never expected to tread its fateful paths. To shun the border land, the voice of common sense, as well as the admonitions of Holy Writ, tells us, Refuse to enter the paths which, lined with primrose and heavy with perfume in their initiatory steps, are almost certain to lead there.

With this vision of these fateful border lands, we close the words of this volume. Happily they need no longer be border lands whose hither gates are shut and closed upon

every human life that enters therein. This happily need be no longer. The sufferer whose paths have led him close to the threshold of them all, or who has indeed crossed the portal of any of them, now can look backward and find a hand extended in mercy as well as invitation, beckoning him back to the brightness and sweetness of life. While, for the sufferer who has entered their pathway and who goes on with face turned toward their deepening shadows, they all end in the blackness of the grave and the mystery land of death, yet with the voice that calls him backward sounding its promise of beneficence in his long dulled ears, with that voice reaching him and that hand seen in the spaces that lie behind him, with that hand outstretching to him to aid him in his backward path toward life, no hopeless victim of any one of these forms of bondage need longer take counsel with despair or refuse to listen to the suggestings of hope.

Speaking not as an enthusiast, where the wish is father to the thought, but uttering only the sober words of experience, the writer of this volume utters this last word to those whose feet have long trodden these downward slopes: There is no one pathway of any of these border lands where the sufferer cannot easily, speedily and certainly retrace his footsteps; no one of them, where the energies of life have not been almost entirely exhausted, from which the beneficent hand of the Bellinger cure for all forms of drug disease shall not and cannot lead him backward toward the safe and happy highways of health, helpfulness and usefulness, and give him back to himself, to his family, to his fellow-men and to his God, a man whose interior energies of life and whose every faculty on which his manhood rested shall be regenerated, redeemed and permanently restored.